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# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS



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ONE PE



SCENE FROM THE NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA AT THE LYCEUM. (See page 244.)



## SIAMESE SKETCHES.



PALACE OF THE KING OF SIAM.



SIAMESE PAGODA.

## OUR SIAMESE SKETCHES.

THE kingdom of Siam, or Siam (the country of the brown race) is the name by which this region is generally known among us; but its real name, that which the natives give it, is *Muong-Thai*, or the country of the free. It possesses a great many excellent harbours, the most important being Bangkok, of which, together with the town of the same name, we here give a pictorial illustration. Bangkok is the seat of Government, and contains no fewer than 400,000 inhabitants. Situated on the banks of the river Me-Mam, at a distance of twenty-four miles from the Chinese Sea, the town forms an island six miles in circumference and is strongly fortified. It is surrounded with immense gardens abounding in luxuriant and perpetual verdure, and presents a very picturesque aspect. In the river, on both sides of the town, there lie at anchor, besides some larger vessels, a multitude of junks gaily covered with flags, and lying in file one behind the other. Then the town itself is very picturesque; high steeples ending in gilded spires, magnificent domes, slender pyramids of admirable structure, ornamented with designs in variegated enamel: the many-roofed pagodas, most of them gilded and covered with varnished tiles, which reflect the rays of the sun; two long rows of several thousand of shops floating on rafts and following the windings of the majestic river, which is, besides, studded with thousands of boats; the fortress white as snow; the town with towers and numerous gates; the straight canals which traverse the city; the variety of buildings in Indian, Chinese, and European fashion; the peculiar costumes of different nations; all these combined present to the stranger a spectacle as interesting as it is surprising.

Unlike the custom followed in Western Europe of confiding the chief power of the state to a single individual, the Japanese are governed by two kings, the *Chao-Phen-Din* and the *Vagna*, but the actual sovereign is the first named. He can, however, undertake nothing without consulting his colleague, who is specially

charged with the direction of the spiritual affairs of the kingdom. The Japanese have a profound respect for both their kings, in whose presence they invariably prostrate themselves. The subjects are not even permitted to look upon the countenances of their sovereigns under penalty of having their eyes burned out. If either of their majesties promenade in the precincts of his residence, those approaching him throw themselves on the ground, and all subjects uncover their heads while passing before the palace.

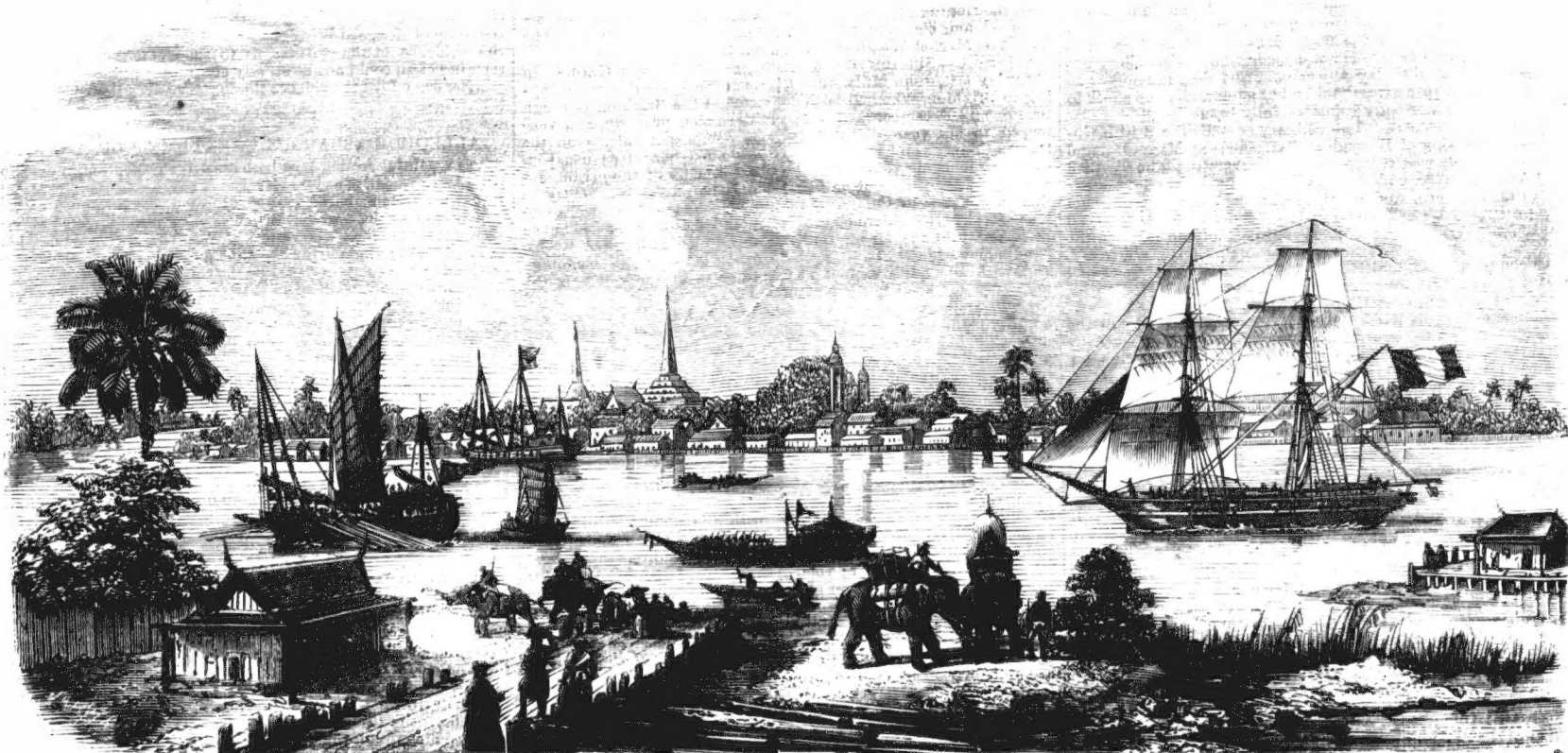
## SCENE FROM "THE DUKE'S MOTTO."

THE illustration in the front page represents one of the most striking and startling scenes in the romantic drama of "The Duke's Motto," now playing at the Lyceum Theatre. M. Fechter, a gallant young soldier of the French army, rescues the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Nevers from the toils of certain tools of the Prince de Gonzague, who is desirous of making away with the child, so as he may inherit her rightful heritage. Our illustration presents the young soldier escaping from his pursuers with the child in his arms, and climbing to a place of safety.

The scene is admirably composed, and is artistically most effective. The rugged and vast mass of the frowning castle, with its massive battlements, the distant cliffs, the cloudy, flecked, and troubled sky, with the perilous ascent of rocks in the background form an effective and harmonious composition with the house in which the bravos have been confined by Lagardere. At the close of this scene, which ends the prologue, Lagardere, being again attacked and surrounded by the brigands, makes his escape by climbing a rope left hanging by the assassins in their flight from the room in which they were secure. This melodramatic and undeniably effective episode, on which the curtain falls, is one of the great hits of the piece, and nightly elicits tremendous applause.

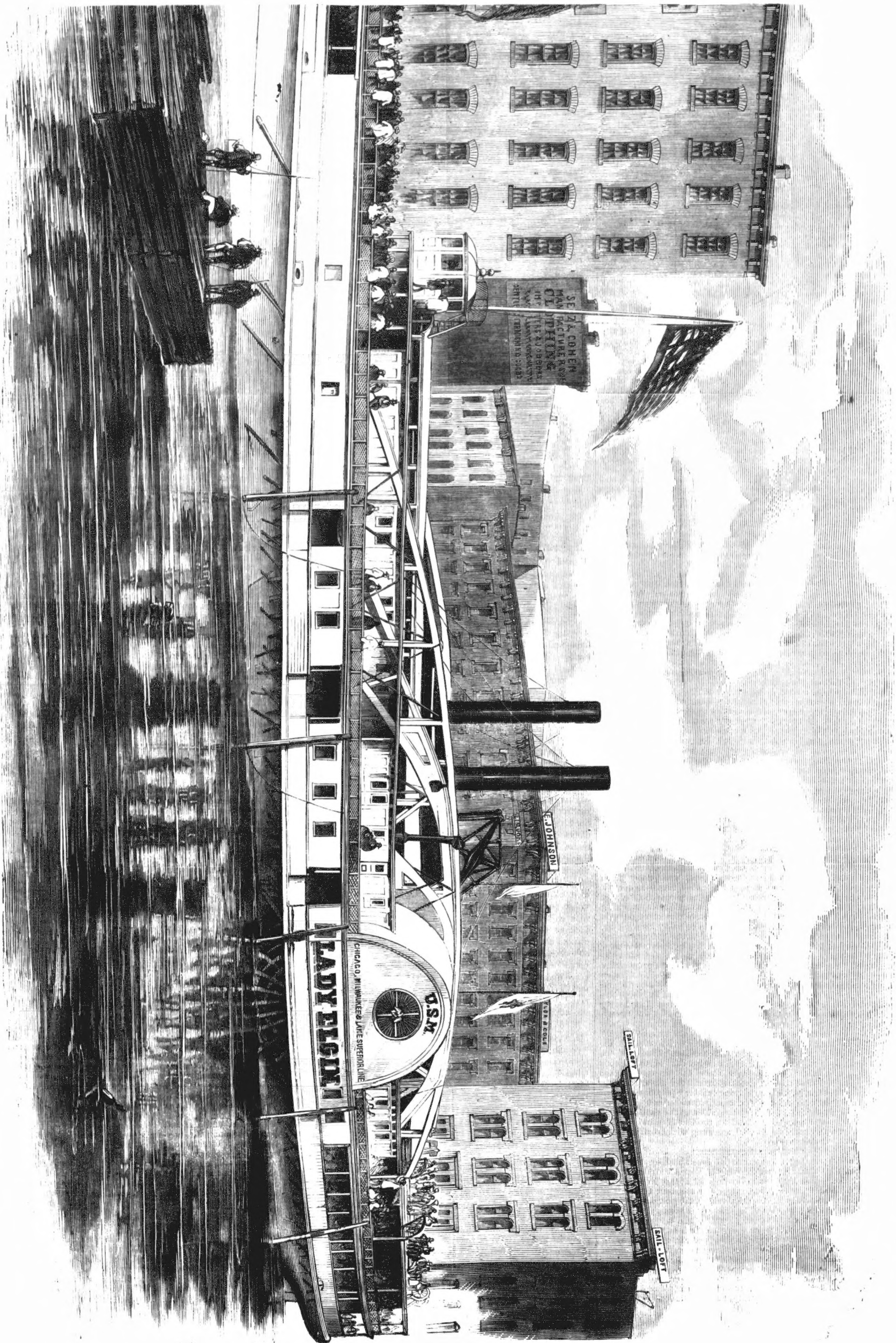
## MASSACRE OF NEGROES.

THE *New York Times* of the 5th says:—"The accounts from the battle-field near Murfreesburgh reveal a new phrase of rebel atrocity in the treatment of their late slaves. Every black teamster, or black follower of the Union camp, captured by the rebels, is immediately shot. No less than twenty were found murdered, and lying along the Murfreesburgh 'pike, after the recent rebel raid upon Rosencranz's waggon-trains. This is, undoubtedly, the inauguration of the mode of warfare indicated by the late proclamation of Jefferson Davis. It is not literally within the terms of that document, but is in accordance with its temper, and no very nice discrimination will be observed by the rebels in executing the spirit of the sanguinary orders of their chief. At Murfreesburgh only the negroes found in the national service were butchered. Next we shall hear that whites and blacks, when found together, will be indiscriminately shot, and then will ensue complications which all Christian people will shudder to contemplate. It is hard to account for the ruthless spirit that thus butchers a mild and inoffensive race of people on any other ground than the irredeemable moral callousness produced by the institution of slavery. The negroes of the present day have served their Southern masters faithfully for years. Their ancestors served the families of the whites faithfully in the generations that are past; and by their labours the blacks of the past and present have built up a great name, wealth and power for the South. Surely the race is entitled to some gratitude, if not reward, on the score of the past. But the cruel rebel masters do not see it thus. Their poor slaves desired liberty—nothing more; and when caught in the act of enjoying it, however innocently, the penalty is instant death by a ball through the brain. Surely God will not prosper a cause so fiendish, cruel."



THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF BANGKOK, SIAM.





ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS. (See page 247.)



## The Court.

The marriage contract between his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra of Denmark was signed last week at Copenhagen. Her Majesty's minister at that Court transmitted the news by telegraph to Earl Russell, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the information was forwarded to Osbornes by telegraph.

The following letter has been received by the president of the Orphan Working School in reply to a communication sent by the committee of that charity:—"Buckingham Palace, 26th December, 1862.—Sir, I have the honour to lay before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales your letter of the 16th inst., requesting his royal highness to become the patron of the Orphan Working School, and I am commanded to express to you the gratification with which his royal highness grants his name as patron of this excellent charity—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant (signed), W. KNOLLYS, Lieutenant-General.—J. Remington Mills, Esq."

The following acknowledgment has been made by the Prince of Wales through General Knollys, to the address moved by the High Sheriff of Norfolk, and adopted unanimously by the magistrates assembled in the Shire Hall at Norwich on the 23rd inst., on the occasion of the county quarter sessions:—"Sandringham, Jan. 12, 1863.—Sir, I am directed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of the address of the magistrates of the county of Norfolk (moved by the high sheriff), expressive of their gratification at his royal highness having come to reside in their county, and at the prospect of his repeated visits to it. His royal highness has desired me to convey to the bench of magistrates, of which you are the chairman, his warm thanks for their address, and for the terms in which it is couched. He is persuaded of the devotion and loyalty of the county of Norfolk towards her Majesty, and of its affectionate feelings towards himself and other members of the royal family, and his royal highness looks forward with a sincere pleasure to the opportunities which his acquisition of property in the county will afford him of becoming acquainted with all classes of its inhabitants—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant, M. KNOLLYS.—Sir Willoughby Jones, chairman of the quarter sessions."

Since her Majesty's departure from Windsor Castle a suite of rooms in the Lancaster Tower has been elegantly fitted up for the reception of her Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. For the accommodation of her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra a suite of rooms in Edward the Third's Tower, formerly called the Devil's Tower, is being prepared. The walls have been redecorated with silk drapery, the doors and cushions regilded, and grates replaced, which are taken out when these apartments are open to the public.—*Court Journal.*

## IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE OF SIXTY MEN AND BOYS IN A COAL-PIT.

MESSRS. MERCER AND EVANS'S High Brook Colliery, situated in Park-lane, Ashton, near Wigan, seems fated to cause its proprietors very serious loss. It is only a short time ago since the coal in one of the seams worked at the colliery was set on fire by the firing of a shot, and it was found impossible to check the destruction of property till a few weeks ago. Coal getting has not been commenced more than a fortnight, and the pit was just getting into working order, when another accident, one not likely to check the labours of the men employed for very long, but one which will cause considerable loss to the proprietors, has occurred. On Thursday morning week the usual number of hands, between fifty and sixty, accompanied by several labourers, making the total number about sixty, descended as usual to commence work in the five-foot mine. They had not been at work long when one of the joints at the crack end of the piston gave way when the engine was winding. Fortunately neither men nor coal were in the cages at the time, and thus, though the rope was immediately uncoiled from the drum and the descending cage precipitated to the bottom, no serious injury was done. A new casting was, of course, requisite, and this was obtained in the course of the day, a small windlass being fitted up and the men supplied with provisions. All preparations having been made to bring the men out of the shaft, an attempt was made to start the engine, when it was discovered that the first fracture had caused a second and much more serious one, the piston being broken and a new one necessary. Immediate orders were given for the making of this, and the men were informed they would have to bear their imprisonment a little longer. The piston was expected at the colliery on the Friday night, when the wives and children of the men, who, as may be supposed, have been somewhat anxious, hoped again to see their husbands and fathers. The men appear to bear their captivity very well, and, indeed, it would be singular if they did not, for Mr. Mercer has not only been unremitting in his exertions to forward the repair of the engine, but, with his customary liberality, has sent provisions in abundance down the shaft, as well as tobacco, newspapers, and many little things which he thinks may make the men contented. Several unavoidable delays took place in the preparation of the piston, and it was not till nearly eight o'clock on Saturday morning that it reached the colliery. So complete were the arrangements there that in another hour all was thought to be ready for working, but the ill fortune which had so long attended the proprietor had not yet deserted him. Some little thing in the cylinder was now found to be out of order, and another delay of a couple of hours was occasioned. At a quarter to eleven, all being at last in proper trim, the engine was set in motion, and the cage descended, and then ascended the shaft to make sure that all was right. When it again reached the surface Mr. Mercer entered, accompanied by his underlooker, and in a few seconds they were receiving the hearty welcomes of those who had been so long imprisoned. By twenty minutes past eleven the whole of the men and boys had been brought to the surface, some a little dazzled by the broad daylight, and all with faces which seemed remarkably grim, even to the colliers on the pit bank. The wives and children of some of the men were present on the brow, as well as a number of the friends of the men, who heartily congratulated them as they reached the surface. One or two of the lads gathered round the little windlass that had lowered the provisions, terming it their "porridge engine," and regarding it with respect and admiration. About half-past eleven, when all were up, the party assembled at the shaft, and, led by two or three who possess vocal talent, the Old Hundred Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," was sung with hearts no doubt thankful for their deliverance.

On Monday morning a court-martial assembled on board the *Formidable*, 84, Captain Luard, flag-ship of Vice Admiral Sir W. J. Hope Johnstone, K.C.B., commander-in-chief at the Nore, for the trial of Mr. Richard Beazley, supernumerary assistant engineer of the first class, belonging to the *Cumberland*, 70, guardship of the steam reserve at this port, on a charge of having been guilty of conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in drinking intoxicating liquors to such an excess as to incapacitate him for the proper performance of his duty, and cause him to be sent to hospital with an attack of delirium tremens, on the morning of the 29th December last. Commander Crewe-Read of the *Cumberland* prosecuted, and Mr. Knight officiated as deputy judge-advocate. The prisoner, at the close of the case for the prosecution, handed in several certificates from officers under whom he had formally served. The court found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to be dismissed her Majesty's service.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.	A. M.	P. M.	L. B.
24	s	Frederick the Great born, 1712	...	5 12	5 31	...
25	s	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	...	5 51	6 11	...
26	m	Dr. Jenner died, 1823	...	6 31	6 54	...
27	t	Sun rises 7h. 49m. Sets 4h. 38m.	...	7 15	7 39	...
28	w	Sir Francis Drake died, 1596	...	8 8	8 40	...
29	t	Peter the Great died, 1725	...	9 17	9 57	...
30	f	Menai Bridge opened, 1826	...	10 37	11 19	...

MOON'S CHANGES.—First Quarter 26th, 4h. 54m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. 25.—Isaiah 55, Acts 22, to v. 22.

EVENING. Isaiah 56, Acts 26.

## NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

SCHOOL.—Rock salt is found in Cheshire at the depth of from twenty-eight to fifty yards, and the beds are from one yard to forty yards thick separated by clay or flag-stones; the colour is reddish, and it is so hard as to require to be blasted with gunpowder. The largest mine is 350 feet deep and twenty feet high, supported by pillars of the salt. The mine is united with mercury, the silvery of looking-glass.

W. B. (Oswestry).—The sceptre is a more ancient emblem of royalty than the crown. In the earlier ages of the world the sceptres of kings were long walking-staves; they afterwards were carved, and made much shorter.

X. (Tooley-street).—Southwark was governed by its own bailiff still 1827. But the City finding great inconvenience from the number of malefactors who escaped thither in order to be out of the reach and cognisance of the City magistrates, a grant was made of Southwark to the City of London by the Crown, for a small annuity.

MENT.—The king's death is termed his demise, because the crown is thereby devolved to another. He is not, in law, liable to death, being a corporation of himself, that lives continually. There is no interregnum; the moment one king dies, his heir is king fully and absolutely, without any coronation ceremony.

S. H. F.—Your tale shall shortly appear.

R. S. (Manchester).—Very shortly.

H. C. C. (Bainbridge).—Six years.

W. H. (Hyde, Cheshire).—Equally binding if stamped.

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THERE is one item of American news which at the present time possesses no little interest for the maritime Powers of the Old World. It refers to the fate of the *Monitor*. That celebrated floating battery, which on a memorable occasion entered the lists with the *Merrimac*, and prevented that equally celebrated gun-boat from leaving the James River, and raising the Southern blockade by destroying the Northern fleet in detail, had foundered off Cape Hatteras, and carried with her to the bottom forty of her crew. Cape Hatteras is situated on the east coast of North Carolina, and marks the farthest projection of a long line of reefs and shoals which form a barrier between the mainland and the ocean. It has been the scene of many shipwrecks, but in the present instance the mishap does not appear to have been due to the dangerous nature of the coast. The *Monitor* foundered in deep water, and sank in consequence of her inability to live in a heavy sea. It is in this respect that her unhappy fate becomes instructive. On the occasion of her being despatched on her first trip to Hampton Roads, where the encounter with the *Merrimac* took place, she narrowly escaped foundering when skirting the coast of Virginia. That she was not seaworthy was admitted even by those who extolled her merits as an engine of naval warfare, and her captain more than once stated that neither his vessel nor her crew incurred one-tenth the risk under the fire of the heaviest batteries as when venturing, at a few miles distant from land, to pass from one port to another. In form she resembled a long raft surmounted by a tower, rather than a vessel. Her sides rose so short a distance above the water-mark that in a rough sea the waves must have continually swept across her decks. If a vessel is buoyant and staunch, there is no reason why, with hatches battened down, she should not weather a gale in which her decks are as often under water as not. But it is different with a boat constructed like the *Monitor*, with her sides and deck covered with tons of iron, and a ponderous iron tower planted amidsthips. Such a vessel can only float at all under favourable circumstances. Without masts and without canvas to steady her, she must prove utterly unmanageable in a rough sea. We hope that the circumstances under which the *Monitor* foundered will be accurately ascertained, and that in the construction of vessels of the same class it will be found practicable to combine sea-worthiness with impregnability.

Mr. DISRAELI, who never misses an opportunity of correcting a "popular delusion," lately dwelt in a public speech on the singular prevalence of the notion that the Church of England is a rich Church—the fact being that it is a poor Church. Certainly, we can remember some things which favour the right honourable gentleman's opinion—advertisements for cast-off coats, waistcoats, and trousers, for which needy curates and even rectors would be very thankful. Very recently we have been told, on high authority, that the Church cannot any longer afford a learned ministry. Without going to extremes we may take advantage of an incident reported in our columns to point out one direction in which a more equitable adjustment of the Church's revenues may be made. A new Archbishop of Canterbury has just been enthroned, and one of the first things we hear about him is a prosecution of a labourer for invading his "game preserves." The labourer is committed to gaol, where he will probably remain for six months. If the archiepiscopal estates were prudently diminished, the proceeds of a sale would probably suffice to build a dozen churches, while a corresponding reduction of his grace's salary would set at liberty funds wherewith to endow as many livings in poor populous parishes, still leaving the archbishop in possession of an income which would keep apostolic poverty far out of sight. At all events the public must not be afflicted with stories of ecclesiastical distress in the same journals which tell of Church preserves of hares and pheasants.

## A CAREER OF FOLLY.

In the Bankruptcy Court, on Monday, the case of Mr. Emanuel Eastcott was heard.

The bankrupt had been in the 11th Hussars. This was an application for an order of discharge. Mr. Reed opposed for Mr. Emanuel Eastcott, tailor, Hanover-street (the trade assignee); Mr. Reed opposed for Mr. Emanuel, jeweller, Hanover-square; Mr. Dowd supported.

It appeared from the bankrupt's examination by Mr. Reed, that in December, 1861, he gave Mr. Emanuel a cheque for £400 which was paid; and afterwards a cheque and bills which were not paid. About four months after some of the jewellery had been obtained from Mr. Emanuel he had pledged a portion of the same. He had written a letter to Mr. Emanuel from Prince's Hotel stating that Messrs. Lewis and How, solicitors of Dublin, were taking legal proceedings on his behalf in a Chancery suit, under which he expected to obtain £12,000 a year. That statement was true. The debt with Mr. Emanuel was contracted before this letter was written. No proceedings were now pending in Chancery.

Examined by Mr. Lucas, the bankrupt said he came of age on the 17th of November, 1861. At that time he had no legal debts, but he had subsequently made large payments on account of past debts, as well as renewed debts to the amount of £1,000 contracted when he was a minor. His only means were a voluntary allowance of £400 a year from his mother and his wife's mother and his pay of £150 a year. At the end of November, 1861, he received nearly £1,000. He did not then pay Mr. Emanuel's debt, because the bill representing it was not due.

Mr. Reed said the bankrupt had borrowed money at an exorbitant interest, had speculated very largely in jewellery, pledged goods, kept five or six horses at a time, and contracted debts most improperly and extravagantly. There was no pretence for the statement in respect of the £12,000. The bankrupt had previously accepted £4,000 from his brother as a settlement of that claim. His expenditure during the two years preceding his bankruptcy had been £2,200—an expenditure out of all proportion to his means of payment; the bankrupt's unsecured debts were now £3,700, and he submitted that the order of discharge must be suspended, on the grounds of unjustifiable extravagance in living, and contracting debts without reasonable expectation of making payment.

Mr. Dowd said this was one of those cases in which the complaining creditors did not put themselves in the witness-box. Mr. Emanuel complained of the bankrupt's extravagance, yet he had been one of the largest recipients of his cash. He had been paid £220, and he had also obtained some £270 on putting in an execution on the bankrupt's horses. Why did not Mr. Emanuel, instead of giving the bankrupt all this credit, say, "The account is large; I must stop this extravagance." Instead of opposing a bankrupt who had acted in this manner, creditors should look a little at home, and put to themselves the question "Have I not been a party to this extravagance?" Mr. Emanuel was a jeweller. His representative placed his goods before the bankrupt. The bankrupt, like many young men under similar circumstances, fell into the trap. After the bankrupt had paid Mr. Emanuel the £400 he was tempted to become the purchaser of further jewellery. In November, 1861, the bankrupt having received £4,000 (less £1,300 deducted) at once paid the large sum of £1,161 on account of debts contracted when under age. Mr. Emanuel and Mr. Davies had both helped to pull the young man down, and to Mr. Davies's execution might be attributed the obligation under which the bankrupt had been placed to sell his commission. There was no evidence that the bankrupt had kept seven horses at a time. The evidence only went to show that he had had eleven horses altogether.

The Commissioner said that the case was one of recklessness and extravagance, but the whole blame did not attach to the bankrupt. Mr. Emanuel had received a portion of the bankrupt's money on account of a debt contracted previously to his coming of age. Mr. Emanuel had also similarly received money. There was no evidence that the bankrupt had contracted any debt by misrepresentation or fraud. The bankrupt had been guilty of unjustifiable extravagance, but, having regard to the circumstances of his extreme youth, and many of the debts having been contracted when he was under age, the justice of the case would be satisfied by a suspension of the order of discharge eight months, with protection.

## FEARFUL CALAMITY AT LOCARNO

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore, gives us the following account of a terrible occurrence which has recently taken place at Locarno:—

"This town is one of those pretty little half Italian half Swiss towns which line the north-west shores of the Lago Maggiore; but, not being minutely described in 'Murray,' it is comparatively little known to the English tourist who hurries past it to the more fashionable Baveno or Bellagio. As the steamer floats past, the traveller will notice a clean-looking town backed by a chain of hills, the most striking point in the picture being the cupola of a fine old cathedral-looking church. It is of this building that I have to speak. The church of La Madonna del Sasso, with its dome towering over the other buildings, its coloured marbles, and its quaint old frescoes by Luini, is the one sight of the little city. On Sunday, the 9th inst., there was present in that church a great congregation, composed, as is usually the case in this part of Europe, almost entirely of women. The men lounging about the piazza pointed out to one another the enormous quantity of snow which had fallen during the last six days and nights in an almost unbroken column. The landscape glittered in its white covering, and even the buildings of the city looked like a scene in some fantastic play. Suddenly there was a dead, heavy fall. 'Evidently,' they said, 'another distant avalanche;' and then a scream and a murmur of great horror, which spread through the quiet streets. All rushed to the spot, and found a scene which the letters I have seen describe as horrible past all conception. The dome which covered the body of the church had never been cleared of the constantly-falling snow, and the immense weight accumulated was too great for the strength of the worn-out building. The whole dome gave way and fell on the congregation, then kneeling in prayer. In that position fifty-three female corpses were found, after the ruins had been cleared by the intrepid bravery and the untiring labour of the inhabitants. One female, a bride of twenty years of age, named Bono, was alone extricated alive, and was carried to her home with 'some hopes of recovery,' says my informant, but she had broken one arm and both her legs. One old man, alone, perished among the fifty-three women who fell victims in this awful ruin. It seems to me that there must have been great carelessness somewhere, when, after nearly a week's incessant fall, the snow was still left to accumulate on the tottering cupola of a medieval church. Fifty-three women have perished; but imagine what would have been the destruction had this catastrophe happened on one of the great festivals of the church. There would not have been fifty, but five hundred corpses, now recently buried in the Campo Santo of that little town."

OLDER THAN MEINUSKLAH.—There is a pauper woman in the parish of Edgely, who is so old that she herself cannot tell her age, and there is no other one who can do so. Last week a Christian gentleman called on her, and among other questions inquired her age. She replied, "Indeed, sir, I cannot tell; but I am sure am a thousand at any rate." She is still able to move about, and bids fair to add yet another year or two to the number.—*Leicester Courier.*



## EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST A MEDICAL MAN IN IRELAND.

An investigation is now taking place in Ireland in connexion with the death of a young lady, which occurred under extraordinary and mysterious circumstances. The following report of the opening of the inquest is from the *Ballymena Observer*; but, as at that stage of the inquiry Dr. Courtenay, against whom such very serious charges were made, was not in custody, we intended to defer its publication until the verdict of the jury was delivered. Now, however, that we learn from the *Northern Whig* that gentleman has been arrested, we place the report before our readers, and shall give the subsequent proceedings as soon as they reach us.

It is our painful duty to record the untimely death of Miss Amelia S. E. Cary, a young lady of great personal attractions, recently an inhabitant of Ballymena, and of most respectable family connections, who died at Gracchill, near this town, on the 2nd inst. after an illness of fourteen days, aged eighteen years. Rumours of a shocking character—allegations of personal violence, and the subsequent administration of poison—were freely circulated in the interim between her death and the interment of her remains. In consequence of information officially communicated to John Jellett, Esq., coroner for this district of the county, her body was exhumed, exhibited before a respectable jury, and subjected to a medical post-mortem examination, at Gracchill. At ten o'clock in the morning, the jury was empanelled before the coroner, in the Court House at Ballymena; and a woman named Mary Ann McAtamney, a domestic servant in the employment of Doctor Courtenay, medical officer to the Galgorm Dispensary, was brought before the court in custody of the police. The prisoner was arraigned as an accessory to the death of the deceased. The coroner intimated that she was not bound to say anything, and added a caution that whatever she might say would be taken down, and if necessary, used in evidence against her in another court. The prisoner replied that she had nothing to say except that, before God, she was not guilty of the crime of which she had been accused.

Mr. James Smyth proved that the body exhumed and viewed by the jury was that of Miss A. E. S. Cary.

The following witnesses were then examined:—

Dr. Arthur Ross sworn:—I am a surgeon and M.D., and I reside at Ballymena. I was present, and assisted at the post mortem examination of the deceased's body yesterday. I did not observe any external marks of violence upon her person sufficient to account for her death. Her head had been shaved, and marks of cupping were apparent over the stomach. On opening the body, all the vital organs, except the stomach, appeared to be in a healthy state. It was discoloured, and evidently in a state of mortification, the result of previous inflammation. I had never before seen a stomach presenting such appearances. I have never seen the stomach of a person who had died from the administration of irritant poison. I believe the condition of the deceased's stomach would justify an analysis with a view to ascertain the cause of her death. I think that such an analysis is necessary. I have carefully preserved the stomach and some portions of the viscera, in order that such an analysis may be made.

A juror (Mr. York): Did you observe any appearance of pregnancy in the body of the deceased?

The Coroner: Do not answer that question; it has no relation to the matter under investigation.

Mr. Smyth (another juror): Did you observe any marks of violence on the deceased's body—marks of injury or outrage, that would not have caused death?

Witness: None but the traces of medical treatment, by cupping. I am of opinion that inflammation of the stomach, terminating in mortification, was the cause of her death.

Dr. Black examined: I am a surgeon. I reside in Ballymena; and, in conjunction with Dr. Ross, I made a post mortem examination of Miss Cary's body yesterday. I did not perceive any external injury sufficient to occasion death. All the internal organs were healthy except the stomach. I found it of a dark livid colour, and in a state of gangrene, especially in the upper portions nearest the throat. I believe that these appearances did not arise from natural causes. I believe that they were occasioned by some irritant mineral or vegetable poison, either taken or administered. The blood vessels of the stomach were injected, and there was a small quantity of fluid but no food in it. I think there is every reason for the desire that the stomach should be analysed, with a view to ascertain the occasion of death in this case, which, I am persuaded, was not the result of natural causes.

After some discussion between the coroner and the jury, the following question was put to the witness:—

Did you observe any marks of unfair treatment upon the body of the deceased?

The witness replied in the affirmative.

The Coroner said that answer was beside the question at issue, and had introduced a matter which had no relation to the immediate cause of death.

A juror (Mr. Smyth): It is precisely the answer which the jury desired to elicit. The one event may have led to, and been directly connected with, the other.

The Coroner: Well, then, I will ask a question, with a view to the entire satisfaction of the jury: Was the deceased pregnant?

Witness: No; she was not pregnant, nor had she ever been in such a state, but I can affirm that her body had been penetrated.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Cary, the mother of the deceased, was then introduced by William Orr, Esq., and examined by the coroner. She said: I reside at Gracchill. The deceased was my daughter, and she died on Friday last. She was ill for about a fortnight before her death. When she first became ill, Dr. Courtenay attended her, and she was subsequently visited by Dr. Kidd. Dr. Courtenay gave her some medicine. He said that, judging from the state of her tongue, and from a burning sensation about the stomach, of which the deceased complained, it appeared as if poison had been administered to her. This statement was made ten or twelve days prior to her death. I do not know of any medicine administered to her except such as was given by my own hands. I did not see any medicine given to her by the prisoner, Mary Ann McAtamney, nor did I see her in the house at any time later than Christmas-day last. When my daughter first became unwell the prisoner brought her some medicine from Dr. Courtenay—a white powder in paper, and a bottle containing some colourless fluid. She took all the powder, and about half the contents of the bottle. She did not complain of any bad effects from these medicines.

Mrs. Leonora Smyth examined: I live in Ballymena, and I am an elder sister of the deceased. She took ill about a fortnight before her death. I saw her soon afterwards, and I remained with her constantly from Christmas-eve. She complained of heaviness in her head, and a burning sensation about the chest and stomach. She told me that she had got medicine that had done her no good. She said that the medicine had been sent by Dr. Courtenay, and brought by the prisoner. My sister was not delirious. She was perfectly sensible of everything she said and did till the day of her death. She told me that she had been subjected to outrage—that she had been injured by a certain party. She said that Dr. Courtenay had injured her. She did not describe the time or place at which he inflicted the injuries of which she complained. She did not describe the exact nature of the injuries. She appeared reluctant to do so, but begged me for God's sake to bring two doctors, and they would see all about it. She expressed a furious objection against seeing Dr. Courtenay—a perfect abhorrence of him. I believe she was quite sane at the time. I never observed any indication of weakness in her intellect. In order to keep her quiet I was obliged to tell her that both Dr. Courtenay and his servant (the prisoner) had gone off to America. I am certain that Dr. Courtenay

did not see her from the Sunday till the Wednesday preceding her death, on which day he was re-introduced to her apartment by Dr. Kidd.

Dr. Kidd examined: I was called upon to visit the deceased on the 30th of December; and previous to seeing her, Mrs. Cary informed me that her daughter (the deceased) had been delirious. I did not observe any symptom of delirium about her either on that day or subsequently—and I attended her three times. I had many conversations with the deceased. She made a communication to me in reference to her previous medical attendant, Dr. Courtenay. She expressed an objection to him. She asked, "Did they tell you?" or, "Have they told you all?" "Do you know what he wanted to do to me?" At that time I answered, "Oh, yes—they did," because, from what I had been previously told, I thought she was labouring under a delusion of the mind. After that time I had another conversation with her, on which occasion, referring to Dr. Courtenay, she said, "Oh! he wanted to do it with me." I then understood what she meant, but I did not follow up the conversation. I believe she meant that he wanted to take improper liberties with her. I saw the deceased on the 30th December, and twice afterwards. Her skin was hot, her tongue parched, and she had all the symptoms of fever. Some of those symptoms might have been produced from poison, they being common to both cases. She did not complain of pain or heat of the stomach; but the absence of pain may have proceeded from the advanced progress of mortification, as exhibited at the post mortem examination. Dr. Courtenay was not with me on my first visit to the deceased. On my second call I saw him, and mentioned the great abhorrence of him which she had expressed. I thought it desirable that he should visit the patient with me. I mentioned that desire to the deceased; and after some persuasion she gave consent, but begged that I would remain in the room with her during the time of his visit.

The Coroner here intimated to the jury that he would not examine any other witness on the present occasion. In compliance with a requisition then handed to him on their behalf, the stomach of the deceased would be sent to Dr. Hodges, for analysis, and hence the inquest must necessarily be adjourned. Other witnesses were in reserve, whose testimony, if now disclosed, might prejudice the case for the Crown. In all probability the matter would ultimately come into the hands of the magistrates, where premature publicity could be avoided.

The inquest was then formally adjourned for a fortnight, and the prisoner was removed from court in custody of the police.

## BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE, AND SEDUCTION.

In the Exchequer Court, on Monday, was tried a case *Taylor v. Woodhead*, being an action for breach of promise of marriage. The parties were both resident in a village near Huddersfield; their parents were manufacturers. The plaintiff, about seven years ago, was attached to another person, who took advantage of her affection, and she was delivered of a child. This, however, was well known to the defendant, and she had so conducted herself that she was well received in society, and respected by the inhabitants of the village. The plaintiff's father became unfortunate in business, and soon afterwards he died, leaving the plaintiff and the other members of the family without fortune. About two years since the defendant made overtures of marriage to the plaintiff. He engaged her affections, and she became again a mother. In the meantime the plaintiff's sister, with whom she had lived after the death of the father, died. Upon the defendant making the offer of marriage she told him she had no fortune; but the defendant said he would rather have a fortune in a wife than a wife with a fortune. In May, however, the defendant married a lady who was a person of property. The plaintiff then brought this action.

A female relation of the plaintiff's stated that upon one occasion, when a large party were returning home on an omnibus, the plaintiff and defendant sat together, and she heard the defendant tell the plaintiff that he should marry her and no one else. The plaintiff told him to go to another young lady in the village who had money, but the defendant said he should marry her (the plaintiff), as he would rather have a lady with a fortune in herself than a wife with a fortune.

Cross-examined: Miss Taylor was a milliner and kept a grocer's shop. They had gone to Huddersfield market that day, when they returned on the omnibus. They joked him about Selina Bassett, who had money. Never saw the defendant with his arm round the plaintiff's waist. Did not see him kiss her on the omnibus or show any other token of affection. The plaintiff has two children.

An aunt of the plaintiff's stated that she spoke to the defendant about her niece, and said she hoped he would not make a fool of her niece, and he said, "Oh no, nor any other girl." Upon one occasion they were talking about marrying, and the defendant said to Redfern, a friend of his, that he should be at his wedding. Witness said, "And shan't I, then?" Defendant said, "No, I won't have any landladies" (witness was a publican), and witness said, "Then, I won't be your aunt." Defendant laughed and said nothing.

Re-examined: The plaintiff's father and mother had had seven-teen or eighteen children.

One witness said she saw them standing at the end of the house together as people did when they were courting.

Mr. Bliss summed up his evidence, as Mr. Hawkins said he should not call witnesses.

Mr. Hawkins, for the defendant, urged that a great deal of evidence had been kept back which ought to have been placed before them. The question was not whether there had been any endearment between these parties, but whether there had been any promise of marriage which had been accepted by the plaintiff. There was no acceptance of the promise when they were on the knife-board of the omnibus. They had been chaffing and joking together as was likely when they were travelling together for six miles on the outside of an omnibus. The evidence of the landlady did not prove anything. He did not think the standing together at the end of the house would induce the jury to consider there had been a promise of marriage. No doubt there had been an intimacy between the parties, because there had been a child, but that would result in half-a-crown a week, and did not prove a promise of marriage. He submitted to the jury that they must find a verdict for the defendant.

Mr. Baron Bramwell summed up. If there had not been a child, all that had taken place would have been mere bantering and joking. It would be a most disastrous thing if young women could consider that if they had a child that was a basis for an action for a breach of promise of marriage. He thought, generally speaking, these actions were very silly.

The jury said they could not agree. One of the jurors asked the judge this question: If a juror believes that a contract was made, ought he to give way to the others?

The judge said that was a very embarrassing question. A man might suppose if several persons differed from him that his opinion could not be a correct one.

The jury were about to be locked up when they gave a verdict for the defendant.

## ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS.

GENERAL BANKS, the successor of General Butler in the government of New Orleans, arrived in that city, as represented in the illustration in page 245. He was welcomed by General Butler himself. On landing from the steamer, and when duly installed in the government, the latter officer left for New York.

## LOSS OF THE MONITOR IRON-CLAD STEAMER.

The iron-clad battery Monitor has sunk off Cape Hatteras in forty-five fathoms water. The following is from the narrative of one of the officers:—

"The Monitor, in tow of the steamer Rhode Island, started from Fortress Monroe about three o'clock on Monday afternoon, December 29. The Passaic, in tow of the steamer State of Georgia, had gone out some time before, and was perhaps ten miles at sea. On board the Monitor were sixty-three persons all told. The sea was calm and smooth as glass, and the weather warm and pleasant. The vessel proceeded at the rate of about five or six knots an hour, with a perceptible motion less than that of any other vessel. Everything seemed auspicious for a pleasant trip, and at night all went below to sleep. Then they began to experience the effects of close air. With the exception noted of the closeness of air, which indeed was almost insupportable, there was nothing to mar the comfort of the first night. The next morning broke beautifully, but with a light breeze that smashed up little waves against the turret, just enough to make small rainbows when the sun was shining on the bows. So the weather continued until Wednesday (Thursday?) afternoon, when it became cloudy, and as the sky grew darker it was thought they might have rain. Soon, however, the wind cleared all the clouds away, and they thought there would be agreeable weather all the way down; but later in the afternoon, about five o'clock, it commenced to blow. At six o'clock they stood S.S.W. from Hatteras Light, having cleared the Cape, the breeze freshening more and more, but no apprehensions being felt of a gale. About seven o'clock they discovered the Passaic, some three or four miles to the north-east. When they saw the Passaic thus in her stern, she having been ten miles ahead at the start, all on board the Monitor could not but feel a pride that she (the Monitor) was the first there, as everywhere else; that she was the first iron-clad that had rounded Cape Hatteras, as she had led in naval achievements. The conclusion was arrived at that the storm would not overtake them, and therefore that it was not necessary to run towards Hatteras Inlet. The breeze was blowing pretty freshly and increasing in violence, but there were indications in the west of its clearing off, until about eight o'clock, when, in the space of a few minutes a storm of wind and rain gathered in the south-west, the wrath of the waves augmenting, with a sea so rough that it began to dash against the tower, throwing up fountains that leaped thirty or forty feet in air, washing all over the turret. The fury of the storm kept on, every wave dashing over the whole vessel from stem to stern, and entering at every crevice intended for the admission of air. The vessel was thumped about in a manner indescribable. The rain lasted from a quarter to half an hour, but the gale raged even more intensely than before. The vessel began to leak—they hardly knew where it came in—but it was very serious around the fore-castle and anchor. It was about nine o'clock, and the pumps were set in motion. They rapidly gained on the water, but in about half an hour they kept about even pace with each other. The gale had increased to a hurricane, the Monitor reeling and shuddering from end to end. Faster and faster the water came in. It was gaining on the pumps. By half past ten o'clock the water was reported gaining rapidly. A few minutes later, and the report was that it would soon be up to the fires. This again was followed by the report that the vessel could not live more than two or three hours longer. The water rapidly neared the fires; when they were put out the pumps could not be worked. When it was reported that the Monitor could not stand it more than an hour or two longer, signals of distress were at once made. Red, white, and blue rockets were thrown up, and were answered by the Rhode Island. This was at eleven o'clock, when it had been decided as impossible to save the vessel, and attention was turned to saving their own lives. One of the hawsers connecting the Monitor with the Rhode Island had parted between eight and nine o'clock. When the Rhode Island answered, a voice on the Monitor cried out through a trumpet that they were in a sinking condition. Those appealed to on the Rhode Island went to work with the utmost speed to send boats to the rescue. It was a most daring undertaking, but they got out a launch and manned her, and, riding on the crests and sinking in the hollows of waves, she made towards the Monitor. At this time the sky was filled with clouds, through which a little light from the moon appeared, so that objects could be distinguished. The remaining hawser is now cut, so that the boats shall not get entangled; the hawser becomes entangled with the paddle-wheel of the Rhode Island; the rope clogs the wheel, and the Rhode Island, a large war steamer, is drifting towards the Monitor; the launch is between the two vessels thus nearing each other, and seems doomed to destruction. The launch reaches the side of the iron-clad. The proximity is dangerous to all, for two or three lurches and the sharp prow of the Monitor will stove in the wooden walls of the steamer. All feel that they will go to the bottom. There is a terrible silence, so far as those on the Monitor are concerned. As two or three jump out of the boat the cars are seen to flash in the air; the launch is heard crashing; in a second the crew have sprung on the deck of the Monitor. Simultaneously the hawser is cleared from the paddle-wheel, and the Rhode Island runs off, without the fatal shock, to a safe distance. While the vessels lay alongside, several of the Monitor's crew sprang for the ropes that dangled from the side of the Rhode Island, and some succeeded in climbing up, while others were washed into the sea. The crew of the launch now sprang back into her, but those of the Monitor were reluctant to trust themselves to make the attempt, as several were washed off the deck by the great seas washing over. They clung, therefore, to the top of the turret, fearing they might share the fate they had witnessed overtaking others, preferring their chance to live a little longer, although there was the moral certainty that they could not remain and live long. Finally, the launch was filled, having taken on probably some fifteen from the Monitor. All that were on deck at the time got in, and the launch was ordered off. The Monitor went down about two o'clock in the morning."

A despatch from Fortress Monroe, of the 4th, says:—

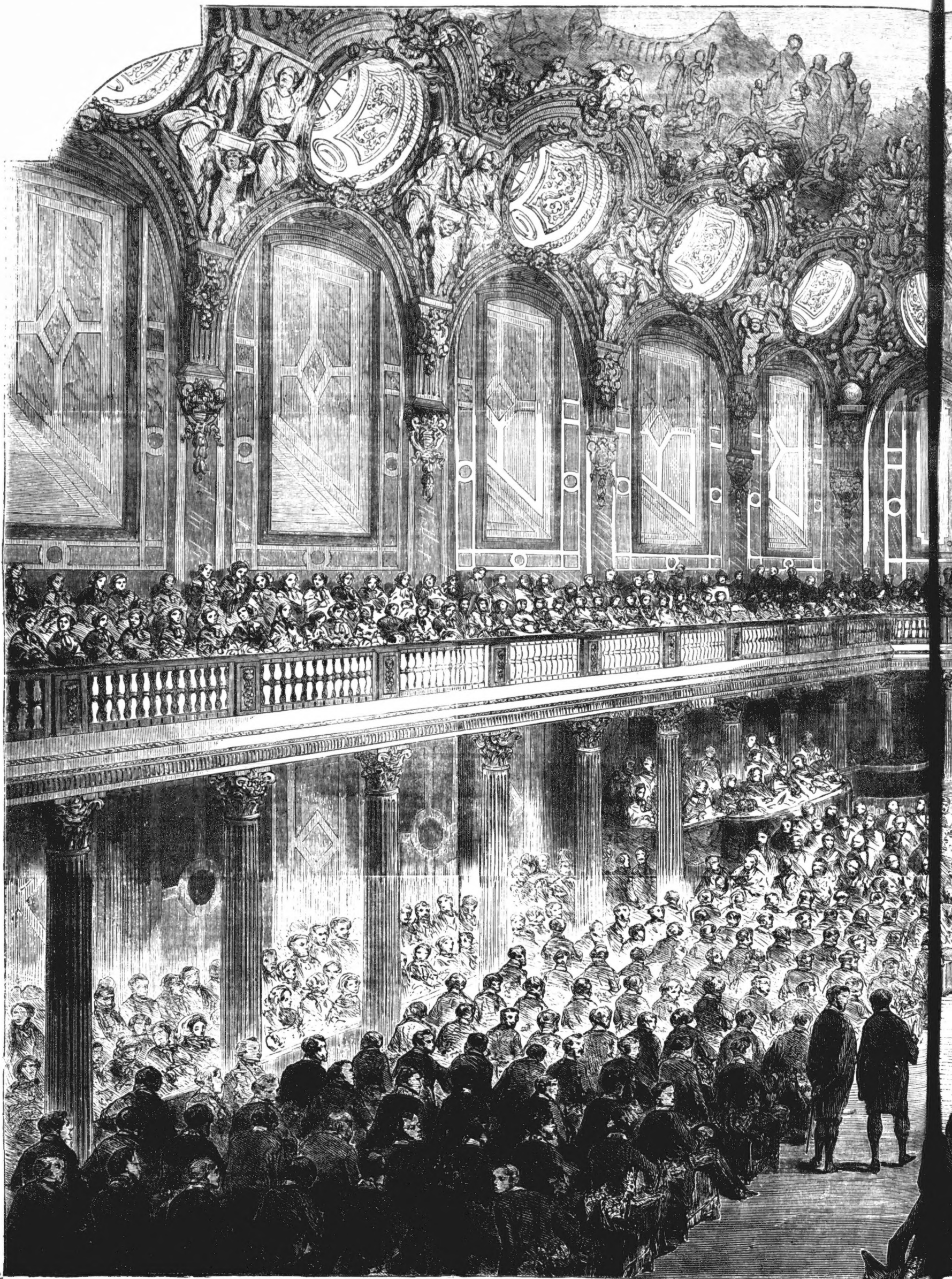
"There were lost on the Monitor four officers and twelve men; one officer and seven men belonging to the Rhode Island were also lost in attempting to save the men of the Monitor. One boat which left the Rhode Island to save the Monitor's men has not been heard of. The Monitor sank off Cape Hatteras in forty-five fathoms of water. The cause of her being lost was leakage. She gained two feet of water in one hour, with all her pumps working. Sailing-master Stodder was the last man to leave the Monitor. Those who were lost refused to come down from the turret, as the sea was constantly breaking over them, and they were afraid of being washed away."

## THE BATTLE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

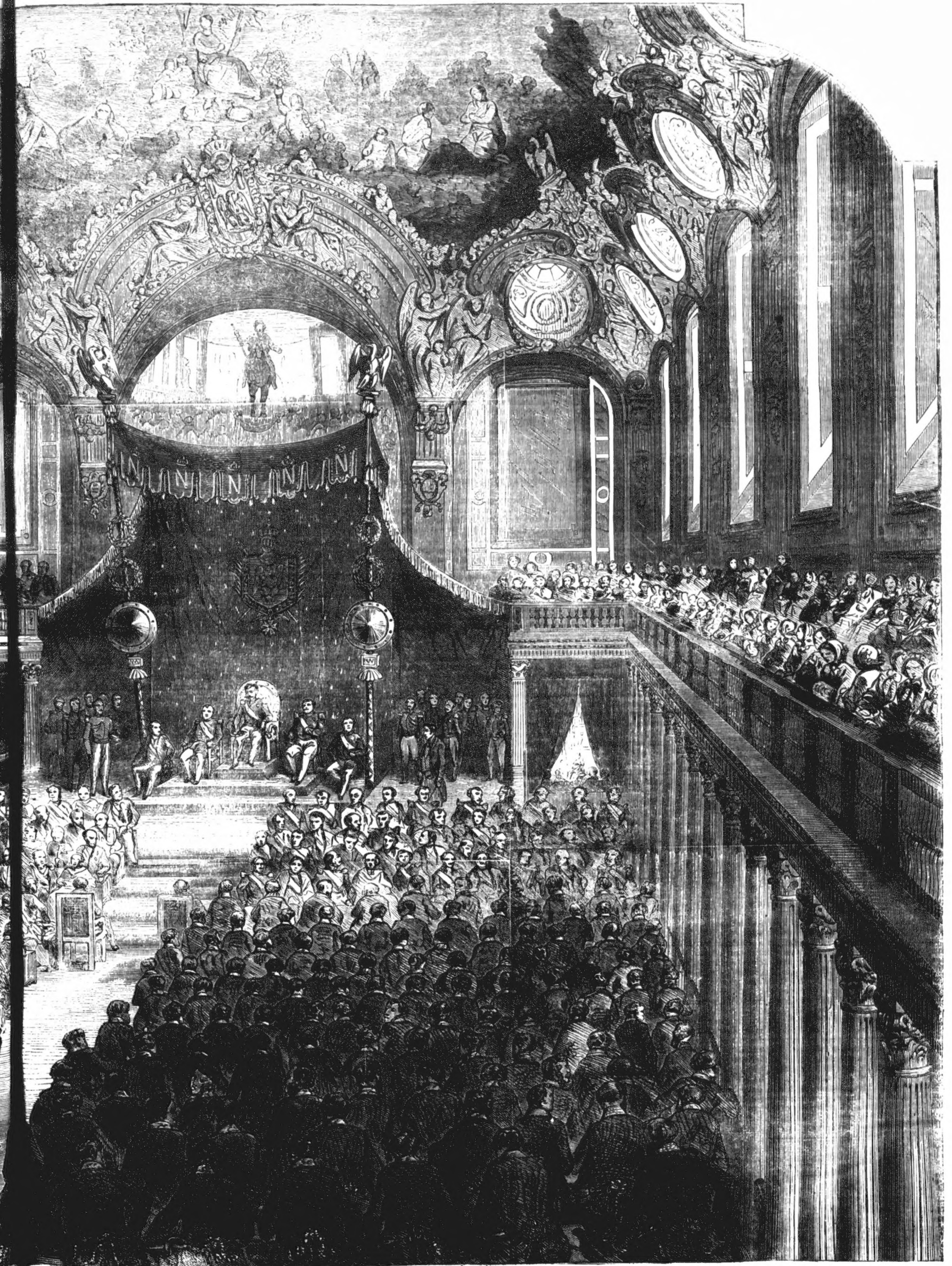
The cut in page 252 is a view of the Confederate army, after it had evacuated Fredericksburg, and fallen into the rear of the city, where defences were thrown up.

CAYENNE CONVICTS.—The *Demerara Colonist* states that the six French convicts who lately escaped from Cayenne have been given up to the French Government under the treaty between Great Britain and France for the mutual extradition of criminals. These men were all under sentence for criminal offences. They formed the crew of a boat which left Isle de More, under the charge of the superintendent of convicts and the civil engineer of works, for the purpose of proceeding to the mainland, and they effected their escape by throwing the two officers into the sea.











## Theatricals, Music, etc

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.**—"Ruy Blas," "Love's Triumph," and the "Puritan's Daughter," have this week preceded the grand pantomime. Active preparations are going on for the early production of the new opera.

**DRURY LANE.**—"Bonnie Dundee; or, the Gathering of the Clans," the lessee's new sensation drama, is announced for early representation. If report speaks truly, it is likely to eclipse the "Peep o' Day."

**HAYMARKET.**—"Our American Cousin" still retains possession here. H.R.H. the Prince Louis of Hesse honoured the performance with his presence on Monday. Report has it that Mr. Buck's one cleared £25,000 by Lord Dundreary last year.

**PRINCESS'S.**—Miss Amy Sedgwick's return to this theatre, with the view of appearing in a new character, is an event which will be appreciated by all ranks of its supporters. It is scarcely necessary to say that she is now our most popular female comedian. We have had nothing to rival her merits since the best days of Mrs. Stirling. This is, of course, partly owing to her great natural endowment—her humour, freshness, geniality, enforced by her extraordinary vigour and her agreeable face and person—and partly to the amount of art which she has acquired in recent years. In Mr. Morton's comic drama of "One Good Turn Deserves Another," in which Miss Sedgwick re-appeared on Monday evening, she renewed all the pleasant impressions of her original performance. We had again all the exuberant fun and hearty enjoyment of the *Backsmith's* wife, made more welcome by the kindly feeling and proper thought of the humble friend. Mr. Roxby was the successor of Mr. G. Vining in the *Backsmith*, and gave the audience no reason to regret the alteration. Mr. Blanchard's excellent pantomime continues its attraction at this house, and regales the audience equally with its splendour and its merriment.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—An exceedingly slight affair, under the title of "The Smiths at Norwood," was produced at this theatre on Monday evening, with very moderate success. Its subject is more distinguished by its antiquity than by its humour. A gentleman from India, who is expected at one house, finds his way into another—the owners of both having the same name—where the sister of the host, a romantic old maid, makes a point to fall in love with him, and to confirm him in his mistake by playing him completely at his ease. She allows him to put on his morning gown and have his hookah in the drawing room; whilst his Indian servant is permitted to kill a Cochin China for his dinner and cut up the garden to make him a verandah. The host at length arrives, who feels sufficiently outraged to send for a policeman, when the real Mr. Smith, his namesake, fortunately makes his appearance also; an explanation is immediately given, and the intruder, instead of being ejected, is warmly welcomed to the house. The entire source of this trifle's success was the admirable acting of Mrs. Frank Matthews in the sketch of the romantic spinster, who, in her light wig and hanging lock, with her poetry and emotion, and her passionate song on a guitar, extorted from the audience several hearty roars of laughter. Mr. Arthur Stirling, as the visitor, was very gentlemanly and pleasing.

**LYCEUM.**—This house is crowded nightly to witness the new romantic drama of "The Duke's Motto," one of the best constructed plays produced for years. In another portion of our paper will be found the complete plot, and on our front page an illustration.

**STRAND.**—"Ivanhoe" continues to draw overflowing audiences to this popular little house. Mr. Charles Rice's excellent performance of the *Dancing Barber* closes the entertainment.

**OLYMPIC.**—The very attractive play of "Camilla's Husband" still holds possession here.

**WESTMINSTER.**—Mr. Bonicault has a new drama in rehearsal here, called "The Trial of Effie Deans," from Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Heart of Mid Lothian."

At the City of London, Marylebone, Victoria, Royalty, Britannia, Standard, &c., we have no change of moment to report, the pantomimes filling, as they are likely to do for some time, the houses nightly.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED** and **Mr. Parry's** entertainment, entitled "The Family Legend," and Mrs. Roseleaf's "Little Evening Party," attract large and fashionable audiences.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS** grow in favour with the music-loving public, to judge from the crowded audiences.

The following was the programme last Monday:—

### PART I.

Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Schumann.

Song, "The Lark"—Glinka.

Romance in A minor for Violoncello, with Pianoforte accompaniment—Viotti.

Song "If with all your hearts"—Mendelssohn.

Sonata in E flat, for Pianoforte alone—Haydn.

### PART II.

Quintet in C, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos—Schubert.

Song, "Adelaide"—Beethoven.

Song, "Where the bee sucks"—Sullivan.

Sonata in C minor for Pianoforte and Violin—Beethoven.

Schubert's quintet, for the unusual combination of two violins, viola, and two violoncellos, was given to perfection by MM. Sainton, Ries, Webb, Paque, and Piatti. Schumann's much less imaginative composition is for piano and strings, and this was equally well performed by the same exponents, with the substitution of Herr Paquer for M. Paque. The pianist gave a faultless version of Haydn's somewhat *rococo* sonata, and enjoyed the valuable co-operation of M. Sainton in Beethoven's duet sonata, which, by-the-by, should not have been condemned to the rag-end of a programme the only fault of which was its length. Signor Piatti's incomparable rendering of Viotti's very charming and melodious romance we must pass by with praise of unjust scantiness; but we trust the Italian violoncellist will afford us many similar opportunities of appreciating a neglected composer. Miss Banks sang a pretty song of the Russian Glinka very prettily, and repeated Mr. Sullivan's popular "Where the bee sucks." Mr. Sims Reeves was in unusually fine voice, and gave both the tenor air from "Elijah" and the ever-welcome "Adelaide" with remarkable fervour and passion. He was of course encored, but he only bowed his acknowledgments. The greatest of English singers can well afford to dispense with an empty compliment.

## Sporting.

### PEDESTRIANISM.

**WALKING MATCH BETWEEN HATLEY AND MILES.**—The Victoria Park running-ground at Hackney-wick was visited on Monday afternoon by a large assembly of spectators, the attraction being a walk g match between William Hatley of Blackfriars, and James Miles, of Brixton, the champion. The race was for 500, and the distance four miles, Hatley receiving a start of 200 yard. Shortly before four o'clock the men appeared on the ground, no one being allowed on the course but the umpires and the referee, and neither man being allowed an attendant, according to a stipulation in the articles to that effect. The betting opened at 2 to 1 on Hatley, but

it veered round in favour of Miles, and at one part of the race 3 and 4 to 1 was laid. Mr. E. Smith having been appointed referee, the men got off in good style, Miles directly after the start getting upon the "little un" in a most marked manner, and in the first mile gained something like 150 yards upon him. He then continued every now and then putting on a spurt, and in the next mile had decreased the lead to something like 14 yards. On entering the 19th lap, he was not more than two yards in the rear, and on passing the referee the next time he came to the front, and continued with a lead of about two yards until they had done three miles and a quarter, when Hatley raced him, and, in a splendid spurt, led his opponent at the end of the next lap by more than a dozen yards, which he gradually increased to the finish, where he led his opponent by about 50 yards. Time, 31 minutes 19 seconds. After the race, Miles' backer entered a protest on account of Messrs. Price and Pres on running with Hatley, but the referee decided in favour of Hatley.

### THE PUBLIC CONVEYANCES OF LONDON.

The following interesting particulars of the history, position, &c., of the public conveyances of London, are contained in a work written by Mr. W. Hemming, and called "The Cab Trade of London."

"The first hackney-coach stand was established in 1634, by one Captain Paily, near the Maypole, in the Strand. Even so late as 1660, Charles II. issued a proclamation against hackney-coaches standing in the street to be hired. The monopoly long enjoyed by the London hackney-coachmen produced great indifference to the increasing wants of the community: even down to the year 1833, while that monopoly was undisturbed, hackney-coaches appear to have sunk lower and lower in the scale of efficiency.

"While this was the state of things in London, a lighter kind of vehicle, drawn by one horse, called *cabriolets de place*, had been brought into extensive use in Paris. But it was not until 1823, and then with great difficulty, that licenses were obtained for eight cabriolets to be started, at fares one-third lower than those of hackney-coaches. The new vehicle was a hooded chaise drawn by one horse, and carrying only one passenger beside the driver, who sat in the cabriolet (or, as more commonly called for brevity, the *cab*) with his fare. An improved build was soon introduced, by which room was provided for a second passenger, and the driver was separated from his fare. With the rapid extension of the higher class of vehicles, numerous varieties of construction have been introduced, in which comfortable and safe accommodation, with complete shelter from the weather, and separation from the driver, is provided for two, three, or four persons. The name *cab* is still commonly applied to all hackney carriages drawn by one horse, whether on two or four wheels. During the first few years of the employment of such carriages, their number was restricted to sixty-five, while the number of coach licences was increased to 1,200, but in 1832 all restriction as to the number of hackney carriages was removed.

"Since the year 1822 hackney-carriage drivers have been required to deposit any articles which may have been accidentally left in their vehicles with the registrar of licenses, to whom the owners of the lost property may apply for its restoration. The property thus recovered has often exceeded 10,000*l.* in a single year. To lessen the risk in reference to one important department of hackney-carriage business, the railway companies which have termini in London enter into arrangements by which a limited number of carriages, driven only by men of well-attested respectability, are allowed to stand within their stations to convey passengers to their respective destinations, under a system of supervision so strict that any case of misconduct or overcharge is almost certain to be brought home to the guilty party.

"Such was the growth of the cab trade of the metropolis. It was steady but ever progressive. Once having obtained a footing it never receded. Every year has called new vehicles into the streets, and they are seldom idle from lack of customers.

"It is difficult to conceive London without an omnibus, yet who amongst us does not remember the hour when they first appeared?

"Until the year 1833, in the metropolis, a few slow and unpunctual stages were the only means of transit provided by the citizens to convey them to their suburban residences. A little earlier only one stage plied from Paddington to the Bank, and this single vehicle, going in the morning and returning at night, was not always full. Its fares were two shillings inside, and eighteenpence outside. The old stage-coaches could only carry our, or at most six, inside passengers; and when an attempt was made about the year 1800 to introduce a more commodious kind of vehicle, resembling an omnibus, the project failed in consequence of a general prejudice against the hearse-like appearance of the carriage. The long-bodied carriage then tried was drawn by four horses, and had six wheels. When re-introduced from Paris, the omnibus had four wheels, but was much longer and heavier than at present, and was drawn by three horses abreast. The first successful omnibus in London was started by a coach-builder named Shillibeer, in 1829, to run between Greenwich and Charing-cross, at fares considerably less than those of the old stage stages; in addition to which advantage, the greater part of the passengers were sheltered from the weather. Success in the first experiment led Shillibeer to establish omnibuses between Paddington and the Bank. After opposing the innovation most violently for a time, the old coach proprietors followed his example, started omnibuses of their own, and by combined opposition succeeded in driving him entirely off the road; not, however, before the new system of travelling was fully established."

### DEATH OF THE PASHA OF EGYPT.

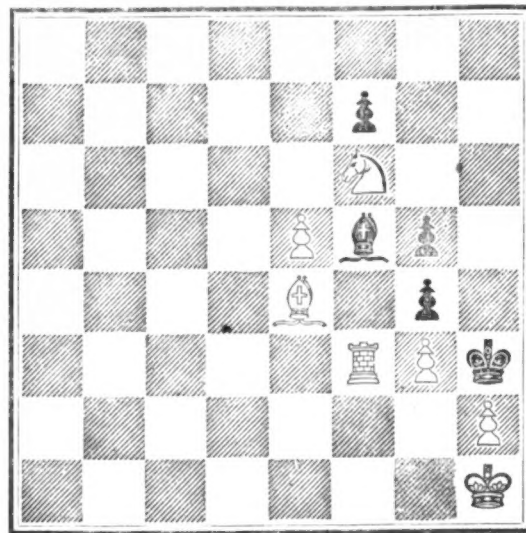
THE death of the Viceroy of Egypt, Said Pasha, took place at one o'clock on Monday morning, after nine days' suffering. He is succeeded by Ismail Pasha, his nephew, who is about thirty-eight or forty years of age, and who is favourably regarded both for business talents and economical tendencies.

THE Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., has issued cards for a parliamentary dinner for Wednesday, Feb. 4, at his residence, Grosvenor-gate.

M. Horace Vernet, the popular French painter, died on Saturday morning. As is well known, he had been ailing for a long time, and for some weeks past there had been little hope of his recovery. Emile Jean Horace Vernet, the deceased, was born in Paris on the 30th June, 1789, his family having for many years been distinguished in French art. He became the favourite painter of Louis Philippe, who gave him a commission to decorate the Constantine Gallery at Versailles with pictures representing the triumph of French arms in Algeria. The artist completed the commission in six years, during which he visited Algeria several times. Louis Philippe was so gratified, that he offered to make Horace Vernet a peer, but this honour the painter refused. Subsequently he had a disagreement with the King, and went to Russia. The e he was enthusiastically received by the Emperor Nicholas, and upon his return to France Louis Philippe received him again into favour. Under the present Emperor he has stood his ground not only with the Court, but with the public. Horace Vernet had wonderful facility of execution and remarkable activity. His pictures have been always popular in France, where the achievements of the French arms and it was in delineating these that he excelled—seem to have a special fascination for all classes. He has been called the Scribe among painters, and his works, both by their number and their character, may fairly be placed on much the same intellectual level as those of the fertile but by no means profound French dramatist.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 86.—By MR. LANCASTER.  
Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game played between Messrs. Boden and Evelyn.

- | White.<br>Mr. Evelyn.  | Black.<br>Mr. Boden.      |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4            | 1. P to K 4               |
| 2. Kt to K B 3         | 2. Kt to Q B 3            |
| 3. B to B 4            | 3. B to B 4               |
| 4. P to Q B 3          | 4. Kt to K B 3            |
| 5. P to Q 4            | 5. P takes P              |
| 6. P to K 5            | 6. P to Q 4               |
| 7. B to Q Kt 5         | 7. Kt to K 5              |
| 8. P takes P           | 8. B to Kt 3              |
| 9. Castles             | 9. Castles                |
| 10. B takes Kt         | 10. P takes B (c)         |
| 11. Kt to Q B 3        | 11. B to K Kt 5           |
| 12. Q to Q 3           | 12. P to K B 4            |
| 13. B to K B 4         | 13. P to K Kt 4 (b)       |
| 14. B to K 8           | 14. P to K B 5            |
| 15. B to B square (c)  | 15. B to K B 4            |
| 16. Q to Q square      | 16. P to Kt 5             |
| 17. Kt to K square (a) | 17. B to K 3              |
| 18. Kt to R 4          | 18. P to B 6 (e)          |
| 19. P to K Kt 3        | 19. Q to K square         |
| 20. Kt takes B         | 20. K P takes Kt          |
| 21. Q to Q B 2         | 21. P to Q B 4            |
| 22. B to K 3           | 22. P to B 5 (f)          |
| 23. P to Kt 3          | 23. P to Kt 4             |
| 24. P takes P          | 24. Kt P takes P          |
| 25. P to Q R 4         | 25. Q to K R 4            |
| 26. P to Q R 5         | 26. Q to R 6              |
| 27. Q to Q R 4 (g)     | 27. Kt to Q B 6, and wins |

NOTES BY MR. MORPHY.

(a) Up to this all the moves are those given as best in the Guicco Piano opening, by the authorities.

(b) Well played.

(c) If, instead, White had playing the tempting move of Q Kt takes Kt, Black wins a piece by retaking Q Kt with P, for if the Q retake the P, Black immediately attacks her with Q B at K B 4, and on Q taking Q B P, Black can take B with P.

(d) Had White played this Kt to Q 2, Black's strongest reply would, perhaps, have been Q to R 5.

(e) The winning move; it is clear that White cannot take P with P, and then P with Kt, without losing the Kt by Black's moving Q B to K Kt 5.

(f) P takes P, followed by P to Q B 4, would also have been good play.

(g) An oversight which loses the game at once; but otherwise, White could not prevent Black's playing K R to B 4, and then to K R 4, forcing the game.

R. W. BROWN.—We regret that we cannot make any use of the problems sent last month: they are all unsound.

W. B. H. (South Shields).—We doubt whether your Problem No. 5 can be solved in four moves. Suppose Black play K to Q 2, what resource is open to White?

T. STEELE.—The Bishops and Knights are considered to be equal in value, and to be equal to three Pawns each. The Rook is equal to a minor piece and two Pawns; and the Queen equal to two Rooks and three Pawns or three minor pieces.

W. B.—Cannot your problem be solved in three moves, commencing with Pawn Queen's (ch)? 2. We have sent per post an analysis of the position to which you allude.

A MEET ON THE ICE.—The Victoria skating rink was opened at Montreal on Christmas-eve by the Mayor, in the presence of a couple of thousand of the best society of the city. This rink, which is without an equal in Canada, contains a skating space of 202*ft.* long by 80*ft.* wide, surrounded by a broad promenade, the entire surface being spanned by a semicircle, forming at once both sides and roof. The immense building was well lit by six pendant rigs or stars of gas, while all around the space blazed a row of single burners, 48*in.* in all, making the rink almost as bright as day, and lighting up the ice and the many colours which slid over it. Since the evening of the Prince's ball Montreal has not seen so brilliant an effect produced at any social gathering. The band of the 47th Regiment played appropriate airs, while hundreds of skaters, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, flitted about on the ice in ever moving scene. There is something almost fairy-like in the way in which a good skater glides over the ice. It has such a graceful effect that we shall take the liberty of citing a hint from a New York contemporary. Ladies should wear dresses without hoops. The English ladies' dress, worn so much at present, is well adapted for skating. It is a rather tight dress, not reaching below the ankles, which are hidden by laced-up boots—tight cloaks, and the porpie hat with its jaunty feather. A woman skating in "sky scraper" bonnet is a shocking inconsistency, and appears as much out of place with such an article on her head as a lady on horseback. Ribands tell well in skating. They stream on from a skating cap with a very pretty effect. From New York and the neighbouring States as far west as Chicago, we get word that skating is becoming this winter a fashionable if not the fashionable amusement; and we are happy to hear it, for it means colour to the cheeks and marrow to the bones, which is a great deal more than can be said for some fashionable amusements. *Montreal Gazette.*



## Law and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

## GUILDHALL.

**A FURIOUS FIGHTERMAN.**—John Bashford, a policeman of the E division of the metropolitan police force, was summoned to show cause why he should not be adjudged to be the father of an illegitimate child, of which the complainant was the mother. The complainant, a pretty-looking young girl, said defendant was on duty where she lived in October, 1861, and she met him first at a beer-shop, kept by a friend of both. The only occasion of her having intercourse with him was when he had met her for as she was coming home from her work, and took her a walk in the course of which he persuaded her to accompany him in making a call on a friend. Having no suspicion of his intention she consented to go with him, and he then took her to a house of accommodation, situated in George-street, St. Giles's, and she only became aware of the defendant's object in taking her there when she found herself in a bedroom with him, and he requested her to undress herself. She refused compliance, and he then put her on the bed and accomplished his purpose. That was the only occasion that he took her anywhere, or that he had anything to do with her. The complainant's mother said, as soon as she found her daughter was pregnant, she sent for the defendant, who said she had made a mistake, as he was not the man. He asked complainant where he had ever met her, and she said, "Near St. Pancras Church, in the month of January, 1862;" upon which he said that was the only once, and that he should deny it. He also said he did not care, as he was a single man, and added that it would be a very nice thing if he had to pay for all the cases he had. (Laughter.) Mr. Wontner said the defendant denied having had anything to do with the girl; but he did not think it prudent to tender him as a witness single-handed against the evidence of two women. Alderman Humphrey said it was a wise discretion. The defendant was clearly the father of the child, and he must pay the usual 2s. 6d. per week.

## WESTMINSTER.

**CHARGE OF SWINDLING.**—George Hine, a young man, was charged with obtaining some boots, value £5 14s., under false pretences. Mr. Roberts, solicitor, stated that the prisoner had lodged for two or three months in the house of Mr. Richard Manning, of Ebury-street, Pimlico, bootmaker, and contracted a debt of £33 6s., for which he gave him a bill of exchange, which was subsequently dishonoured on the prisoner becoming a bankrupt. On the 23rd of September, after he had given the bill, he stated that he had obtained an appointment to go as companion with Sir Moses Montefiore to Nice, for which he was to receive £200. As he wished to appear in becoming attire, he ordered dress and other boots to the amount of £5 14s., the order for which was completed and the goods delivered on the 25th. He further stated that he expected to receive £600 from a revision. After the boots were delivered the prisoner took them away, and, upon an application to Sir Moses Montefiore, it was discovered that the story about the prisoner's appointment was untrue. Sir Moses, although acquainted with the prisoner's family, only knew him by name. The prosecutor said that the prisoner owed him £40, including the boots. He denied positively that the boots had been supplied before the 23rd of September, and that they were included in the account for which the prisoner gave him the bill of exchange. The accused said he gave the bill in discharge of all liabilities, and after the boots had been supplied. The prosecutor denied this, and, in reply to the magistrate, said that he should not have supplied him with the boots but for the representation that he had obtained the appointment as companion to Sir Moses Montefiore. Mr. Arnold said he would take him in £25 for the prisoner's appearance that day week. Mr. Roberts said that there was another charge against the prisoner for fraudulently obtaining two pairs of boots in the name of his father from the same prosecutor.

## CLEIKENWELL.

**GIVING THE POLICE A CHARACTER.**—Michael Kilroy, alias King Dick, well known to the police, was charged with violently assaulting Mr. Sayers, residing at 9, Lower-terrace, Lower-road, Islington, and stealing from his person a valuable watch. Mr. L. Lewis (Lewis and Lewis), of Ely-place, attended for the prisoner. From the evidence of the complainant it appeared that he met the prisoner near the turnpike-gate at Islington, and, after speaking to him for a few minutes, invited him into a public-house to have something to drink. Another man went with prisoner into the house, and, after treating them, the prosecutor left. He had no sooner got outside the house (this being about a quarter-past one o'clock in the morning) than he was seized from behind and pinioned. The man who held him caused him great pain, and the other man came in front of him, pulled his watch out of his waistcoat-pocket, and broke it off the ring. At that time his hands were held very tightly from behind, but as soon as his watch was taken they were let go. Police-constable Newlow, 151 N., said he took the prisoner into custody from the description that was given of him by the prosecutor. Police-constable Raymond, 252 N., said that the prisoner was convicted at the Middlesex Sessions of felony, in January, 1855, and was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour in the House of Correction. The prisoner said he was innocent, but the police and the complainant would swear away the skin of a black. (A laugh.) Mr. D'Eyncourt fully committed him to Newgate for trial.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.**—Ann Hutchinson, aged 36, was brought before Mr. Knox, under the following circumstances:—Alice Aitchison said she worked for a person residing at No. 70, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, and slept in the house. About a quarter to twelve o'clock on the previous night she was in her room, when the prisoner's little girl came crying to her, and said her mother was going to kill her and her little brother. She ran up-stairs and found the prisoner in an excited state with two knives on a table before her. The prisoner declared she would destroy her two children and then cut her own throat, as she was tired of life. She witness calmed her as well as she could, and then left the room and went down-stairs, having previously told the prisoner's little girl to come down to her again if anything further took place. Shortly afterwards she heard a noise, and the little girl came down-stairs and said her mother had caught hold of her and tried to cut her throat, but she got away and ran out of the room. The girl added that her mother had thrown her little brother on the bed, and was again threatening to cut his throat. The witness ran up-stairs again and remonstrated with the prisoner, telling her that it would be better if some one remained with her that night. The prisoner said she would not have any one in her room, and then sent out for a quart of gin, which she drank. She then seemed completely deranged. She took up one of the knives and began sharpening it. The witness went out for a policeman, and on her return found that she had cut her throat. There was blood on one of the knives. The prisoner was in bed at the time, and on seeing the constable she jumped out and caught hold of the little girl, and, snatching up a knife, threatened to cut her throat. The girl again twisted herself from the prisoner and made her escape. The wound was superficial, and the prisoner was able to dress herself. The constable took her into custody, and, on the way to the station-house she said if she were released she would go at once and buy laudanum and give it to her children. She was then locked up. The prisoner had lived in the house about three months. Witness believed the prisoner was in great distress, and walked the street for a subsistence. The prisoner was not an habitual drunkard, but she had seen her the worse for liquor once or twice. Police-constable House, E 46, produced a table-knife with blood on it. When fetched to the prisoner he found her bleeding from the throat. The prisoner said she was in great distress, and intended to destroy herself and also her children. While on the way to the station-house the prisoner said her landlady had told her that day she intended to turn her out of the lodgings the next morning. Mr. Knox said he would remand the prisoner for a week, and then directed that the children should be given into the charge of a person in the house where they lodged, who had volunteered to take care of them for the present.

**A BURGLARY PREVENTED.**—Two rough-looking fellows, named Joseph Neal and Robert Wilson, were charged before Mr. Knox as follows:—Henry Bartlett, 142 F., said that about one that morning he was in Dudley-street, and observed the two prisoners standing in a doorway, and then leave it, and point towards him. The prisoners then went into a public-house at the corner of Tower-street, and walked through different streets, and back to Dudley-street, when they again placed themselves in the doorway in which he had observed them before. He then went up to them, and asked why they were loitering about, and Wilson said they wanted to go into Old Mac's, a public-house, to have something to drink. He told the prisoners that the persons in the house had all gone to bed, and that they could go to another house if they wanted anything to drink. Feeling satisfied what their object was, he took hold of Wilson, and in an inside coat-pocket he found a long, new rope (used by burglars for letting themselves down cellar-flaps), and he then called for assistance, and took the two prisoners to the station-house, where, on searching Wilson, he found some keys on him and on Neal, who had thrown a box of matches away on his road to the station. He found a "jenny" of first-rate workmanship, some keys and a candle, the usual stock of burglars. Mr. Knox (it being been intimated that a remand was wished for) said that sufficient evidence had been given that day, and remanded the prisoners, one of whom, it was stated, had been convicted.

**PICKING A CHIEF CONSTABLE'S POCKET.**—Thomas McCarthy, shoeblack,

was charged with picking the pocket of Major Greig, chief constable of the Liverpool police, staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel, of a pocket-handkerchief. Evidence having been given, Mr. Knox committed the prisoner for two months, with hard labour, for the unlawful possession of the property, the major not being able to attend.

**A VIRAGO.**—Julia Sweeney, a young woman, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with the following assault: Emma Jones said that on Saturday night she went into the City of London public-house, when the prisoner followed her in and began abusing her, using the most disgusting language. Not wishing to have anything to do with the prisoner, who about three months ago had bitten off the end of her finger, but had kept out of the way ever since, she (the prosecutor) left the house, when the prisoner seized her and struck her two violent blows on the head, rendering her insensible. On recovering her senses she found that she had received two wounds on the head, and was taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where her head was dressed. Mr. Tyrwhitt asked the prosecutor why the prisoner was so angry with her, and she said that she lived with a young man who had been acquainted with the prisoner. Weeks, 165 C., after producing a certificate from the Middlesex Hospital, stated that the prisoner had received some injuries on the head, and that on entering the public-house he saw the prisoner holding the prosecutor by the hair with one hand, while with a pin point which she held in the other hand, she was hammering away at the prosecutor's head. He seized the pin from the prisoner's hand, and took the prosecutor, who had been rendered insensible by the blows she had received, to the Middlesex Hospital, another constable taking prisoner to the station. The prisoner's defence showed that there was a feeling of ill-will and jealousy respecting the young man existing on her part towards the prosecutor. Mr. Tyrwhitt said there was a sort of feud existing between the prisoner and the prosecutor, and the former had been guilty of a violent assault, and might have killed the latter, and he had no doubt meant to do so. If he sent the case to the sessions, probably the prosecutor would appear. He should therefore send the prisoner for six months, with hard labour.

**MUSICIANS IN TROUBLE.**—Charles Muller, a performer in a street band of German musicians, was charged with having in a public thoroughfare wilfully disturbed Miss Emmeline Bazalgette, an inhabitant, by pulling and ringing at her door bell without lawful excuse. Mr. Edward Lewis was for the defendant. Mr. John Vannorden Bazalgette, civil engineer, Penge, Surrey, said: The complainant, Miss Emmeline Bazalgette, of No. 22, Chapel-street, is my aunt. She has been an invalid for some time, and has suffered very much from the annoyance of street bands playing in front of the house in Chapel-street. On the 8th of January the band, which included a drum, posted itself before the window and played for about fifteen or twenty minutes. The bell was rung three times violently. The servant went to the door, and a demand was made by one of the band, not the defendant, for money for playing in front of the house. I went out and sent for a police-constable, and I told the man who asked for money that he must go with me to the station-house. The defendant, who was with several others, came close to me and said he did not know that anything was the matter, otherwise he would not have played there. I stopped one part of the band, but they succeeded in detaining the defendant. I gave him into custody for being with a gang of persons who were causing a disturbance at the house by ringing the bell. Mr. Tyrwhitt said the question was whether all the band might not be convicted for ringing the bell. They were all together, and were on a jury he should feel no hesitation in deciding that the defendant was open to the charge of ringing the bell. Now, it must be recollected that one of the defendant's band had been brought to that court before, and had escaped because it had not been shown that he had been warned to go away on account of illness in the house. The defendant advisedly went there again, and either rang the bell himself or was one of a party who had orders to ring the bell. The band, no doubt, thought that, having escaped the law once, the complainant was the right person to attack again. He should fine the defendant 40s., with the alternative of one month's imprisonment; and if the band continued to harass this invalid lady he would impose a heavier penalty. If the defendant went to the house again and played, he must be told to go away; if he refused, then he ought to be summoned.

**FORTUNATE DETECTION.**—Joseph Moore, a low-looking fellow, who refused his address, was charged as follows:—From the evidence of Edward Bovey, 85 C., it appeared, that while passing No. 11, Barton-street, on Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, he heard some one down the area, and saw the prisoner run into a store cellar. He called to the prisoner to come out of his hiding place; but as he refused, he (Bovey) got over the area railings and went down the area, when he found the prisoner concealed in the dust-hole, and near him a putty-knife. On entering the premises, he found the kitchen window and the shutters closed, but the inner bar of the shutters had been prised, evidently with the putty-knife, nearly out of the catch. He also found that the prisoner had unlaced his boots, so as to take them off, to creep in quietly, and in his possession he discovered a knife, some keys, and matches. Prisoner said that he had only gone down the area to sleep. He (Bovey) had observed the window down some time before. Charles Edmondstone, a lad, said he fastened the shutters before he went to bed, and he believed the window was down at the time. Prisoner said he had no intention of committing a felony, and, with the view of ascertaining something as to his antecedents, Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded him for a week.

## MARLYEBONE.

**IMPUDENT IMPOSTURE.**—Margaret Williamson, a young woman dressed in mourning, was charged with obtaining money under false pretences. Sarah Hewitt said she was housekeeper to Miss Susan Lloyd, residing at 4, Gloucester-place, Paddington. The prisoner came that morning and said she was grand-daughter to Mrs. Bedford, just deceased, and our late pew-opener, and who was to be buried the next day. She said she had called for a subscription towards the funeral expenses, and that she had been sent by the Rev. Canon Boyd, who had not had time to write her a note. Miss Lloyd gave her 5s. From her manner as she left the witness imagined that she was an impostor, and went to the church to make inquiries. She found that the late Mrs. Bedford had no grand-daughter, and that Mr. Boyd had given no authority for his name to be mentioned. On her return home she met the prisoner, who at first stoutly denied that she had been guilty of imposture, but ultimately placed 5s. in witness's hand. She was taken back to Mr. Boyd, who wished her to be charged. The prisoner was remanded for the attendance of the Rev. Mr. Boyd, when other cases of a similar kind will be brought against her.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**A SURGEON IN TROUBLE.**—Alexander Mackey was charged with unlawfully assaulting Henrietta Warner, thirteen years of age. The complainant stated that she was servant in the family of the accused, who is a chemist and druggist in Sandys-row, Bishopsgate, and that on the previous Friday, while preparing the dinner-cloth, he called her to him, inquired her age, and on being told, proceeded to the commission of most indecent acts upon her. Subsequently, he gave her the key of his bedroom, and desired her to go there; but on getting out of the parlour, she ascended only two of the stairs, and she then followed the errand boy, whom defendant sent out for some nuts, into the street. Fully committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

## THAMES.

**MUTINY—SERVANTS ABOARD SHIP IN THE THAMES.**—Richard Watts and John Mackenzie, seamen, were brought before Mr. Woolrych charged with wounding Mr. Daniel Lonehan, the chief mate of the ship *Eleonora*. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutor that the *Eleonora* was bound to St. John's, New Brunswick, and hauled out of the Grand Surrey Canal Dock into the Thames on Saturday afternoon. The prisoners, who had signed an agreement and received an advance of wages, came on board between the dock and Greenwich with some others, while the vessel was in tow of a steamer. All the crew were in a very disorderly state. Soon after the prisoners came on board the Trinity House pilot in charge of the ship said he wanted the boom rigged out. The second mate went to the fore-castle and sung out to the men, who came up in a very discontented manner. They refused to obey orders, and one of them on being remonstrated with struck the second mate, who defended himself as well as he could. The prisoners immediately attacked the mate and attempted to strangle him. He went to the assistance of the second mate, and Mackenzie struck him on the back of the neck. The prisoners and two other men then caught the second mate by the throat, evidently with the intention of choking him, for he was black in the face, bleeding from the eyes, mouth, nose, and forehead, and his tongue was protruding from his mouth. He liberated the second mate as well as he could, and ordered the men to their duty. Mackenzie struck him a severe blow on the eye with his fist, and Watts seized him by the breast and tore his shirt to pieces. A violent struggle took place, and while it was going on Mackenzie struck him several times on the face and head, and Watts drew a sheath knife, and made a blow at him with it. The knife just touched his cheek, and went right through his left arm, close to the bone. Watts made a second blow at him with the knife, and said "I'll cut your heart out." He evaded the blow, and it struck the second mate on the thumb and went through it. The second mate was again attacked by several men and ill-used. The disturbance became general, and the Thames police came on board and suppressed it. The other men were very mutinous all the way down the river, and on the arrival of the ship at Gravesend seven of the seamen refused to do any duty, and were taken before the mayor of that town, who committed them to Maidstone goal for twenty-eight days, and to be kept to hard labour. John Walters, a Trinity pilot, confirmed the statement of Mr. Lonehan in every particular. The

prisoners, in their defence, said that the chief mate drew a large knife first and all the crew saw it. The chief mate denied that he took up a knife. The captain of the *Eleonora* begged of the magistrate to dispose of the case summarily. His ship was to sail that afternoon, and he wanted the mate to return to her at once. Mr. Woolrych said he could not dispose of a case of this serious nature summarily. It ought to be prosecuted at the sessions. It was a matter of great importance that the prisoners, if they were guilty, should not escape punishment. The witnesses were then bound over in the usual form to prosecute and give evidence.

## SOUTHWARK.

**A FEMALE CANNIBAL.**—BITING A POLICEMAN'S THUMB OFF.—Amelia O'Brien, a masculine-looking woman, very violent in her demeanour, was placed at the bar, charged with being riotous in the public street, and nearly biting off the thumb of James Beecham, police-constable 191 N., and otherwise assaulting him in the execution of his duty. The complainant, whose hand was bandaged up, said that about two o'clock that morning he was on duty in Tooley-street, when he saw the prisoner fighting with another woman, outside a coffee-house, and making use of horrible and disgusting language. Witness separated the combatants, when the other went away but prisoner refused to go, and abused him in a violent manner, and threw some mud at him. He took very little notice of that, but again told her to go home and behave herself in a decent manner. Instead of doing that she rushed at him, and struck him, and as he caught hold of her to take her into custody, she seized him by the leg, and they both fell. While on the ground she got his left thumb into her mouth, and before he could release himself, she had bitten it nearly off. At that time another constable came to his assistance, and after the prisoner was secured witness was taken to the divisional surgeon, who strapped up the wound, and told him that unless great care was used by him he would lose the end of the thumb. Witness was in pain from the wound still. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said that she had been much ill-used by the constable, who struck her several times on the head, pulled her bonnet off, tore her dress, and covered her with mud. She had no knowledge of having his thumb in her mouth at all. In answer to Mr. Burcham, the officer admitted that he struck her, and he was compelled to do so with the view of getting his thumb out of her mouth, but as for tearing her clothes and covering her with mud, that was done while she was fighting with the other female. Mr. Burcham told the prisoner that her conduct was disgraceful, and had she been known he should have punished her with great severity. As it was he should commit her to prison for fourteen days.

**SEDUCTION AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.**—James Pearce, a young man working at one of the wharves in Tooley-street, was summoned before Mr. Combe, to show cause why he should not be adjudged to support the illegitimate offspring of Eliza Russell, of which he was reputed to be the father. It appeared that on Sunday morning, at an early hour, on the 28th ultimo, the complainant in the present case was seen by police-constable 257 M. to rush down the steps of the London-bridge with an infant in her arms, and as she was about to plunge into the river with her child the constable caught hold of her, and pulled her back. As she declared it was her intention to have drowned herself as well as her child, he took her into custody, and on the following morning she was placed at the bar, charged with the double offence, and remanded for a week, so that her friends might be communicated with. On the re-examination her mother attended, and explained to his worship that her daughter had unfortunately been seduced by a young man under the promise of marriage, and the result was the birth of a child, about sixteen months ago. Since then some alterations took place among the members of the family, and while in the heat of passion the young woman rushed out of the house, unknown to her parents, with the child, and wickedly attempted to destroy herself as well as her child, but was fortunately prevented by the constable. On her expressing her contrition, and faithfully promising not to attempt such an offence again, the magistrate kindly ordered her to be given up to her mother, and advised her to take out a summons against the seducer, to compel him to support their illegitimate child. The case was accordingly heard, when both parties attended. Eliza Russell, the complainant, a very decent-looking young woman, deposed, that a little more than two years ago she became acquainted with the defendant. He was then working in Tooley-street. He promised to marry her, and in a thoughtless moment she succumbed to his wishes, and the result of that was the birth of an infant she held in her arms. After that she asked him to perform his promise, but he discarded her, and she was compelled to live with her mother. The defendant did not deny being the father of the child, and said that the reason he did not marry her was his being out of work, and total inability to support her. Mr. Combe, after hearing all the evidence, adjudged the defendant to be the father of the child, and made the usual order for him to pay 2s. 6d. a-week. At the same time he seriously admonished the girl for making an attempt to destroy her own life as well as that of her child.

## LAMBETH.

**SWELL MOBS WOMEN.**—Annie Heaksey, a smartly-dressed young woman, was charged on remand with picking the pocket of Mrs. Harriett Chatworthy of a purse, containing six sovereigns and some silver. The prosecutor said that on the evening of Thursday week she attended a bazaar, held in the School-rooms in Clarendon-street, Old Kent-road, for a charitable purpose. While there she had occasion to take out her purse to pay for some trifling articles. She required it a second time, and discovered it had been stolen. She mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Montgomery, the parish clerk, who was at the door. Her purse contained six sovereigns, four loose and two rolled up in paper, and some silver. When she afterwards saw it in the hand of the constable the two sovereigns rolled up in paper were gone, but the four loose sovereigns and the silver were correct. Mr. Montgomery said that on the evening in question he was stationed at the entrance of the school-rooms to receive the admission money to the bazaar. Soon after the prosecutor had entered the prisoner and another young woman came to the door and were about to walk in, when he told them they would have to pay 1s. each for admission. They retired to some distance from the door, and in a few minutes the prisoner came back, paid her shilling and when in, but her friend walked away. This conduct made the witness suspect that something was wrong, and in consequence he gave a description of her to the constable on duty. The latter desired him to keep his eye upon her. Soon after he had heard of the loss of Mrs. Chatworthy's purse, the prisoner came up in a hurried manner, and was about to leave the building, when he told her that as something unpleasant had occurred he could not allow her to leave just then. Witness then sent for a constable, and on the prisoner being accused of robbing the prosecutor of her purse, she denied the charge in the most indignant manner, said she was a person of respectability, and talked of making them pay for daring to detain her, and subsequently gave up the purse, which she held in her hand all the time, and begged the prosecutor not to press the charge. Hama, a detective officer, informed the magistrate that the prisoner was a member of a gang of expert pickpockets. He saw her in the Crystal Palace on the 14th of Sept. 1861, when Henry Cahy, the man she then lived with, and Ellen Jones, a confederate, were taken into custody and were subsequently sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. The prisoner on that occasion managed to make her escape. Since then she had lived with a man named Dixon, and also with "Racketty Bill," a notorious thief. She had been on one occasion sentenced to three months' hard labour under the Vagrant Act. The prisoner admitted this last fact, and was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

## WANDSWORTH.

**A ROW IN THE KITCHEN.**—Sarah Atkinson, a tall, good-looking young woman, appeared before Mr. Dayman, to answer a summons charging her with committing an assault upon Mary Ann Symonds, who appeared in court with a bruise on the bridge of her nose. The complainant stated that she had been cook in the service of a gentleman named Castles, of St. John's-hill, Battersea, where the defendant was housemaid. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon she was in the kitchen cooking a hare, and finding the kitchen very hot she opened the window. The defendant afterwards entered the kitchen and shut the window. Witness told her not to do so, and she answered that it should be shut, and she (the complainant) declared it should not. Witness opened it again, and a third time, and when the defendant attempted to shut it the last time she (the complainant) caught hold of her dress, and said, "Come down, you shan't shut the window." The defendant then took hold of witness's hair, and plucked a quantity out of her head. The witness here produced some hair, which she had carefully wrapped in a piece of paper, and said any hair-dresser could say it was her hair pulled out. The defendant afterwards got down from the chair, and "fetched" her a blow on the face, and discoloured her nose. Witness said, "As you served me, I'll serve you!" The defendant then ran away, and told their mistress. Witness had lost her situation in consequence. The defendant denied there was any cooking at the time. She declared that the complainant shook her till her brooch came off, and slapped her on the head; and she, in return, fetched her a slap in the face. She, however, could not account for the mark on the nose. Mr. Buns, who represented the complainant, contended that the cook had a right to have the window open from the position she held in the kitchen. Mr. Dayman did not put the right of the cook to the sole dominion of the kitchen. Except in large establishments where there are servants' halls, the kitchen is the common sitting-room of the servants. It was a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. They had a battle, and the one who got the worst came for a summons. The defendant had taken out a cross-summons against the complainant, and his worship dismissed both.



# THE JAGUAR, OR AMERICAN PANTHER,

IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,  
REGENCY PARK.

THE jaguar, of which we give an engraving on this page, inhabits the warmer parts of South America, chiefly Paraguay and the Brazils, but is nevertheless found from the most southern extremity to the isthmus of Darien. It is one of the strongest and most powerful of the felines, after the tiger; and its thick and compact limbs and form, independent of the difference in marking, at once distinguish it from the spotted or ringed cats of the old world; yet it is only within these few years that the distinctions have been pointed out; the quotation of the plates of Buffon and the copies that were afterwards made from them gave rise to considerable confusion between it and the leopard.

The markings of this animal vary very much, as may be seen by a visit to the Zoological Gardens, Regency Park—one of the most instructive as well as most interesting exhibitions in the metropolis. In consequence of the great variety of markings shown by this animal, Major H. Smith, after much careful research in America, has come to the conclusion that there are in reality two varieties, which he characterizes the great and the lesser jaguar; the larger species measuring about two feet ten inches in height at the shoulder, the smaller one about two feet two inches. The lesser variety was of a paler, almost ashy colour, the spots few and very distinct. There are other varieties much larger than either of these.

The jaguar inhabits the forests, and seeks its prey by watching, or by openly seizing cattle or horses in the enclosures. It actively pursues smaller animals, and even monkeys, with all their agility, are not exempted from their attacks. It climbs freely and expertly. Horses, oxen, and sheep, however, are its favourite seizure, and the depredations committed are sometimes very extensive. It is not to be wondered that the roads of these creatures should be looked upon with so much horror, when it is remembered that one is of sufficient strength to carry off a horse; and their numbers are so prodigious that 4,000 were killed annually in the Spanish colonies, and 2,000 were exported every year from Buenos Ayres alone.

SCENE AT THE BELFAST TOWN COUNCIL.—We are informed that an exciting scene occurred on Thursday at a committee meeting of the town council. Mr. John Rea got into a violent personal altercation with another member, the result of which was a regular challenge to fight—coat-sleeves rolled up, and fists in regular pugilistic attitude—each challenging the other to come on! However, there were no blows, as the other members interfered; and Mr. Rea soon afterwards left, handing some silver to the chairman for going away without liberty. What next?—*Northern Whig.*



THE JAGUAR.

## CRIME IN FRANCE.

THE Court of Assizes of the Seine recently tried a young man named Buchet, aged 24, a clerk in the post-office, charged with stealing an immense number of articles which came into his hands in the exercise of his functions. A young woman named Braure, with whom he cohabited, was also charged as an accomplice, a considerable part of the stolen property having been found in her possession. It appeared from the evidence that Buchet, who is the son of a working man, had by his intelligence and good conduct risen to the post of principal clerk at the post-office at the Lyons Railway Station in Paris, with a salary of 2,500*fr.* a-year. His conduct was irreproachable until March last, when he was tempted to embezzle a copy of the "Miserables" for the purpose of reading it, and as no complaint was ever made he continued his depredations almost daily. As he was employed in the book and parcel depart-

ment, and possessed the unbounded confidence of his superiors, he had ample opportunities for theft. In consequence of numerous complaints which had been made, a strict investigation was instituted, without result, until a volume of the "Miserables" was seen in the hands of another clerk, who stated that Buchet had lent it to him. Suspicion then fell on the latter, and on the 18th of October the apartment occupied by him was searched and an immense quantity of articles found. Among them were 78 cravats, 38 pairs of gloves, besides razors, jewels, &c.; in all, 216 parcels. In the lodgings of the female prisoner were found 68 pairs of gloves, 16 silk handkerchiefs, 7 shawls, 26 pocket-handkerchiefs, 15 caps, 7 cravats, 48 collars, 25 double buttons for cuffs, 180 chevalier rings, a bracelet, pipes, purses, pocket-books, &c. As a great part of the objects were still in the envelopes or boxes in which they had been posted, there could be no doubt of his guilt, which, indeed, he never attempted to deny. He declared that he never sold a single article, and such appears to be the fact. He said that, having taken the "Miserables" without discovery, he kept on stealing for the mere sake of stealing. His counsel argued that Buchet was labouring under kleptomania, and therefore scarcely responsible for his acts. The female prisoner denied that she was aware of the property in her possession having been obtained by theft, but this seemed most improbable, as the articles were many of them in the same envelope as when posted. The jury, after a short deliberation, brought in a verdict of "Guilty," with extenuating circumstances, against both prisoners, and the court sentenced Buchet to five years' imprisonment and his mistress to four.—*Galvani.*

## COLD-BLOODED MURDER AT ACTON.

ON Monday night, about half-past eight, two men called at the house of a policeman of the name of Davy, T division, living at Acton.

The men asked the wife of Davy whether he was at home. She replied in the affirmative, and the men thereupon asked her to call him. The wife having done so, Davy came to the door, unsuspecting any harm, and one of the men immediately levelled a gun at him and blew his brains out. The death of poor Davy was almost instantaneous. On Tuesday morning two brothers, of the name of Brooks, baker's journeymen, were arrested on suspicion. They live at Acton. In the bed of one of the men there was found a gun. It is said that the policeman Davy had had the two men in custody some little time since, for some slight offence.

THE convict Morgan, who was sentenced to death for the murder of a policeman at Bristol, and respited by order of the Crown, has "received her Majesty's pardon, on condition of his being subjected to penal servitude for life."



THE FIGHTING IN FREDERICKSBURG. (See page 24.)



## THE REV. J. P. CHOWN.

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's tabernacle has been more than usually crowded to hear the Rev. J. P. Chown, who is a minister of a Baptist congregation at Bradford, in Yorkshire. In his own locality he has been of eminent service in awakening the attention of the working classes to religion, and in checking the growth of infidelity. Beyond Yorkshire he is better known as a lecturer, particularly on the temperance cause. Possessing a fine voice, he can be heard by the largest audiences, and his thoughts are delivered in a style of manly eloquence and lofty declamation exceedingly attractive and powerful. A recent lecture on Dr. Carey, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, will be long remembered by the hearers of it for its many beauties of thought and diction and for the animation of its delivery.

## A FRENCH COUNT AND HIS GIANTESS.

THE Nantes Tribunal of Commerce has just given judgment in an action, brought by a Madame Fouille against Count de Rouil, to recover 500*fr.* (£20) for breach of contract, under the following curious circumstances:—Notwithstanding his aristocratic rank, to which it appears he is by birth entitled, the defendant has for some time past been travelling the country in a caravan exhibiting his countess, popularly known as "La Belle Normande," in the character of a giantess. While recently exhibiting at Nantes the countess suddenly resolved to retire from public life, but the count, unwilling to relinquish so lucrative a business, determined to find another phenomenon of the same kind, and after some time discovered what he wanted in the person of a widow named Fouille, a dealer in second-hand clothes, at Saumur. A bargain was concluded, and duly signed, by which the widow, a woman of huge size, engaged to act in the threefold capacity of servant, dame de compagnie, and giantess, for a salary of 150*fr.* per month and one-fourth part of the sums collected from the spectators after each exhibition in the caravan. She was also bound never to go outside the caravan except very early in the morning or after dark at night. The agreement likewise contained a clause by which each of the contracting parties would incur a forfeit of 500*fr.* in case of not fulfilling its conditions. The widow was duly installed in the caravan, but, owing to some difficulties raised by the countess, she was discharged before appearing in her public character, and she in consequence sued the count for the amount of the stipulated forfeit. The defendant alleged as his reasons for discharging the plaintiff that she was an indifferent cook; but the Tribunal—considering that cooking was not the principal object of her engagement, as was evident from the high salary promised, and that she had not failed as a giantess—decided that she was entitled to the forfeit, and condemned the defendant to pay the 500*fr.*, with costs of suit.



THE REV. J. P. CHOWN, OF BRADFORD.

## THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON OPENING THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

THE illustration in pages 248 and 249 represents Louis Napoleon convoking the Legislative Assembly for the last time in the Salle d'Etat, where the Emperor addressed the great bodies of the State; for not only were the "deputies of the people" and the senators nominated by him there, but also the presidents of the Cour Impériale, of the Cour de Cassation, the members of the Academy, the

"dons" of the Sorbonne and College of France, and a countless number of marshals, general officers, admirals and commandants, all as brilliant as their tailors could well make them. The ladies who filled the galleries, and were interspersed through the body of the hall along with the legislators specially summoned there, were from the time they entered till the Emperor and Empress were announced, as animated and talkative as at a ball.

A few minutes before one a master of the ceremonies announced "The Empress," and the whole assembly rose. She and the Prince Imperial then entered, preceded and followed by the great officers and ladies of her household, and were received as they advanced up the hall with loud cries of "Vive l'Impératrice!" "Vive le Prince Imperial!" She and the Prince took their places in a tribune, having near them the Princess Clotilde, the Princess Mathilde, the Princess Lucien Murat, and the Princess Anna Murat.

Almost immediately after the Empress had taken her seat the cannon of the Invalides announced the approach of the Emperor, and the next instant the imperial cortege entered. A master of the ceremonies, the equeury on duty, and the Prefect of the Palace, led the way, after whom came the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, the Grand Chamberlain, and the Grand Marshal of the Palace. Then advanced the Emperor in the uniform of a general officer, followed by the princes of the imperial family having rank at Court, the commander of the Cent-Gardes, and the officers of his household. Loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" arose on all sides, and continued until the Emperor had taken his seat on the throne. On either side were Prince Napoleon, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Napoleon Charles Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Murat, and Prince Joachim Murat. The Grand Master then requested all to be seated, and the Emperor, rising, delivered in a clear and distinct voice the Speech.

**TERRIBLE ART.**—A member of the 33rd Regiment, now in this city, has a portion of a cartridge taken from a Confederate prisoner, consisting of three cones, passing one within the other, something as one thimble would be placed in another. In a crease around these was found a white powder, connected by means of a thread, acting as a "slow match" to the powder of the cartridge. This was so arranged as to explode on a certain time after leaving the musket from which it might be fired, thus making the load consist of three projectiles instead of one. If an explosion should take place while the bullet was in the body of a person struck by it, it would make a terrible wound. The weapon used by the prisoner from whom these cartridges were taken was an Austrian musket, with a large bore.—*Boston Traveller.*

Among the measures spoken of as likely to be introduced during the ensuing session of parliament is one for the suppression of the Sunday liquor traffic. The Bill, it is said, will be brought in by one of the members for Hull, and Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, will be its principal supporter.

## Literature.

THE SILVER BULLET.  
A SPORTSMAN'S STORY.

THERE were four of us.

We had been out coot-shooting, duck-hunting, fishing, and the like, and our tiny craft was lying idly washed by the tide of the creek into which we had run—an enchanting nook on the Norfolk coast formed by one of the several rivers which contribute their fresh waters to the German Ocean.

On the latter occasion to which I refer, we had made a stretch among the woods for the inland, and having obtained leave had knocked down the partridges to right and left of us till our bags were pretty heavy, and really made a very handsome show.

"I vote we pull up shore," said Fred Fyfe, "and do a little 'liquor?' Seems to me too, that a mouthful of bread and cheese would be no bad body-lining, eh? Taylor, what do you say?"

"I quite chime in with your proposal," returned Ned Taylor; "first of all, a liquor shop is indispensable; and for the bread and cheese, why you must find a larder. I say, De Lolme, what have you got in your flask?"

"About a dram of *eau de vie*," returned De Lolme, who for a Frenchman was a real good fellow, and who for his *bonhomie* and pluck ought to have been an Englishman—which he was, after all, by his mother's side.

"A dram! But, I say, you Hal Sneresley, do you know of any 'public' hereway?"

"Certainly," was my answer; "follow this path through the skirt of the wood, and we shall come to a place renowned as the head-quarters of the sporting and fishing fraternity which affect this quarter."

Shouldering our guns and slinging our bags, we went on, until after about half an hour's walking we came to an open space or green, where stood in the centre a handsome and commodious house, the sign of which, swinging on the branch of a great elm-tree, indicated under the name of the "Jolly Bottle" the good cheer which the host promised to give to whomsoever demanded it of him.

It was not long before we were seated round a rough deal table, which was speedily covered with bread and cheese, bottled ale, and the like; and having stacked our fowling-pieces, we began to pay away like men who had a serious duty to perform, and who intended to pay a proper attention to the



THE REFEAT AT THE "JOLLY BOTTLE."

same, as being one of those momentous tasks it was incumbent upon us to discharge.

"I say, Ned," I began, after a pause, during which mastication had been going on alarmingly—"that's a pretty bit of shooting-iron you've got there."

Fred Fyfe's gun being out of all proportion to our own, was resting against his knee, and certainly was remarkable enough in appearance to call forth my remark.

It was shorter by a foot than any of our weapons. It was exquisitely fabricated—more like a toy than the deadly and terrible arm it was, and chased and inlaid with silver in the most elaborate manner possible.

In fact, it was originally of Spanish make, and bore testimony to the manipulatory skill of the Castilian workman by whom it had been fabricated.

The bore, too, was so singular that it necessitated a bullet of a very peculiar form to fit it; and in effect, while it would discharge shot as effectively as any of our pieces, it partook of all the qualities of a rifle.

"Yes," said Fred, as he took it up, and looked lovingly upon it. "It is, in truth, an admirable

piece of workmanship, and if it could but speak would tell you one or two queer stories."

"The deuce!" said we: "it might help to beguile the time while we blow a cloud, and top off with a little cold grog."

The proposition was received with loud acclaim, and we formed a square upon the grass, when after having lighted pipes and cigars, and ordered a supply of "liquor," Fred began to narrate to us the story of his fowling-piece as far as he was cognizant of it.

"What I first knew of it," said Fred, "belongs to its more romantic history. It was taken out of the cabin of a pirate schooner by an uncle of mine, who was an officer on board of a British brig-of-war cruising on the Leeward Islands."

"The deuce! the deuce!" cried Ned Taylor; "a pirate schooner and a man-of-war brig! I say, confess, now, that there was a picturesque cut-throat in command of the schooner—a beautiful Senora held to ransom—that she was saved by the gallant young Englishman—that she fell desperately in love with him—that they were married, and lived happy ever after on a coffee plantation, her father, a hidalgo of Castile, had bestowed upon them."

Fred laughed.

command of my uncle, they pulled to the fated vessel—a merchantman, as it turned out, that had been boarded by pirates, most of her contents plundered; while those who had not been made to walk the plank were brutally murdered, and lay about the cabin floor, weltering in their blood.

"All were dead save one poor fellow, and he could only just inform my uncle that, but a few hours ago, they had been attacked and boarded by a pirate schooner, which, after having completed its murderous work, made all sail in a northerly course."

"Sending one of his men aloft to scan the horizon, a schooner was seen standing away in the direction named."

The brig was next signalled, and making all sail, she was soon alongside, and a dozen hands being put on board the ill-fated vessel, the brig made all sail in chase of the pirate, and before an hour had come close up to her.

"Finding himself thus pushed, the pirate showed fight, and as he fought with a halter round his neck, as the saying is, he made a desperate but unavailing resistance, and after half-an-hour's pounding the schooner was boarded, and the surviving crew put in irons."

"You are not so very wide in your guess," he replied. "It's something like it, with a difference and a distinction. I will therefore give you the particulars as near as I can. The brig in question was one morning going under easy canvass, some few leagues from its general cruising ground, when an island bove in sight, so beautiful in all the tropical luxuriance of its growth; and the watch on deck was so absorbed by the picture, that a sudden hail from the mast-head of 'A sail in sight!' startled the whole as though they were awakened out of a deep sleep."

"Every eye," continued Fred, just wetting his lips, "was turned upon the sail, and the most eager curiosity was awakened on all sides. She appeared under a cloud of canvass, but was reeling along in such an irregular manner—yawing and veering to and fro—that she seemed to be utterly out of control; and little by little—one conjecture formed after another—they on board the brig got an idea of what had occurred."

"To verify their guesses, however, the captain ordered a boat to be lowered and manned, and under the



"My uncle, on leaving the cabin, came across this identical weapon," Fred went on as he took up his gun, and looked at it caressingly.

"My uncle, as he informed us subsequently, had picked it up off the cabin-floor, and was admiring its exquisite workmanship, thinking that all the row was over, and consequently quite unconscious of anything about to recur.

"Suddenly he saw a flash over his shoulder, immediately followed by the whistle of a bullet past his ear; and turning round, he saw the pirate captain with his pistol smoking at the lock and muzzle, and glaring, like a baffled demon, upon his intended victim.

"Unconsciously my uncle lifted up the gun, not knowing whether it was loaded or not, and took aim. He touched the trigger, and the pirate gave a yell and a leap, and fell dead before him, the bullet having gone through his heart and out at his back, and striking against one of the stanchions, it fell on the cabin-floor.

"He picked it up, and looking at it, found that it was silver! Here it is, in fact!" Fred added, taking it out of his pocket, and handing it round to us to look at.

It may be easily imagined with what a singular interest we did look at this silver bullet (surely there must have been some magic ceremony in its casting), which had gone through a pirate's body, and had been stained with his heart's blood.

"A more murderous incident is connected with that same bullet!" continued Fred; "and which formed part of the most important evidence in one of our criminal cases *celebres* some years ago. If you are not tired of listening, I'll tell it to you!"

There was a general cry of encouragement; a vote unanimously passed that we were delighted; a general emptying and refilling of the glasses; and, consequently, Fred Fyfe was bound to complete what might be termed the story of the fowling-piece.

"I was a slip of a lad," went on Fred, "when, on my coming home from school for the holidays, my uncle made me a present of this same gun giving me in addition the silver bullet, accompanied by the narrative such as I have told you."

"As I had no intention of killing the devil or shooting a ghost—a silver bullet, they say, will do both—I kept the bullet in my pocket, and blazed away into the hedges and among the rooks with more common-place powder and shot, and I had no reason to complain of my success.

"My father had a gamekeeper, Hugh Morris by name, to whom he was much attached by many years of faithful servitude; and Hugh was put at my disposal, to initiate me into the mysteries of the stubble and the gorse, and to train me into the noble art of the thorough-bred sportsman."

"I must say," here remarked De Lolme, "that you do your instructor justice."

Fred smiled. Had it been one of his English friends, he would have taken the compliment for so much chaff, and grinned. As it was, and as the gay Frenchman meant it, he bowed, and then resumed his story.

"One day there was an ugly rumour, gathering force and emphasis, the more so as it was repeated and exaggerated until it took such form as was in the highest degree repulsive, about the mysterious disappearance of Hugh Morris, who all the previous day had been out in the woods, and who for the whole of the past night had not returned home.

"To be absent for a whole day was nothing unusual to the gamekeeper. To be late at night when poachers were expected to be lurking about was not a fact to call for any extraordinary amount of excitement; but when the second day was wearing out, and the night was setting in, and the second night passed by and did not bring him home, the wild and clamorous alarm of his wife, who came up to the Hall from her lodge, gave some grounds of surmise to the belief that he was murdered in some poaching affray in which he had fallen a victim.

"With the earliest dawn a rigid search was at once commenced, and I was one of the number who had determined to pry into the mystery of this black affair.

"I was just leaving my bedroom, when a stealthy footfall on the stairs caught my attention, and as I hurriedly entered into an adjoining chamber, the doors being next to one another—hurried, I say, into the next chamber, for no reason that I can give in particular—I saw, between the door and the post, the door being partly open, my father's steward and major domo pass stealthily into my room, and then presently leave it, stepping again with the same cat-like noiselessness.

"I had noticed, however, that he had in his hand my gun—this I now hold to your admiring eye, and that he came away without it.

"Instinctively, too, at the same time, I put my hand in my pocket, and felt for the silver bullet. It was missing!

"I felt some sense of embarrassment at this queer sequence of things, and asked myself involuntarily, 'What the devil our highly-respectable steward could have been wanting with my gun; and, secondly, what could possibly have become of my silver bullet?'

"To the credit of my own discernment, or o my natural instinct, I will admit that I never liked this same steward. He had a fawning, sycophantic manner about him, that my nature revolted at; but this, of course, is all by the bye.

"I was soon out, and diving into the thickets, and through the copses which led to a deep green dell, where the silvery sound of a streamlet made music in the deep hush of the woods.

"What's that?" Horror! horror!  
"On a bank opposite to me lay the missing Hugh Morris. His gun was within reach of his arm; and his upturned face lay looking at the sky. I saw a red round spot in the centre of the forehead, through which the agent of death had entered, and done its work.

"The alarm was soon given, the corpse removed and the coroner's quest fulfilling its responsible duties."

"You'll find the bullet in the brain," I said to the coroner, as they were examining the body.

"No sooner said than done, and the silver bullet was produced.

"Now," said I, "I know who the murderer is!"

"Who?" demanded the coroner.

"Mr. Jabez Moore, my father's steward," I answered.

"The warrant was made out, and the steward in custody before the night was over.

"It turned out, after all, that the steward had done the deed. He had fallen in love with the keeper's wife, and the keeper had kicked him out of his lodge. The base wretch had vowed revenge—had taken my gun, and put the silver bullet with the charge (he always searched my pockets, I found afterwards), and had killed his victim.

"And he was hanged by the neck till he was dead &c.; and that's the story of the silver bullet."

## HOW VERY EXTRAORDINARY!

### A VENETIAN INCIDENT.

A MERRIER man than Baptisto Biondetto, the barber, dwelt not in all Venice. "Twas said, but we vouch not for the facts, nor do they matter to our history, that he had Moorish blood in his veins; that his grandfather had emigrated from Granada, and that his mother was my lady's lady to the beautiful Donna Teresa Campapecino, of Truxillo. Without staying to elucidate these important matters, we proceed on our path. The barber was young, handsome and poor. His "right merrie conceits" were sought after, not only by persons in his own sphere of life, but also by the young wits of higher grades in Venice; and consequently, in spite of numerous douceurs from his more wealthy patrons, his pockets were more frequently empty than overflowing with abundance.

The night was chill; the ponderous bell of St. Mark's Cathedral had tolled the vesper-hour long since; and all the world in Venice was lounging in the place, except Baptisto, who seated before a small but sparkling fire, was ruminating on the best means of raising a few ducats to defray the night's expenses. Fob after fob had he drawn out—all were empty; and even the ready-witted barber was in despair, seeing that old Grimaldi had refused to give him credit for another scudo. "Heigho!" sighed he, drawing a face so long that even his favourite cat, Signora Garcia, as he called her, mewed with affright. "Heigho!" another sigh from Baptisto; a louder mew from the Garcia. Our veritable history affirmeth that there was yet a third sigh, and one other mew; and that then the barber sank into a reverie, long, interesting, and profound. How long this fit of musing-melancholy lasted, we cannot, for certes, tell. Some chroniclers say an hour and twenty-three minutes; others contend that it continued but three-quarters of an hour.

Biondetto's speculations were interrupted by a rap, rap, rap, at his chamber-door. He started; for he had fastened the street-entrance; and how any person could have gained admittance was beyond his powers of conception. However, there certainly was a treble knock; ay, and even before his bewildered senses had rallied, the door opened, and, to his horror, a familiar of the "Council of Three" passed the threshold. Our limits will not permit us to descend upon the inquisitorial system of government which raved the whole of Catholic Christendom at the period of which we write. If the reader wishes to become acquainted with that branch of it which rendered this city of merchant-princes a curse and a by-word, we point out Cooper's tale of "The Bravo," as giving an excellent idea of its intricate and cruel machinery.

When the barber beheld his unwelcome visitor, the ruddy red that denoted his *Afric* descent left his visage, and he stood pale and trembling before the familiar. It was not sufficient that he felt himself innocent of crime; to be suspected was as dangerous to his life and happiness.

"Baptisto Biondetto, thy presence is required elsewhere!" exclaimed the messenger, in a tone of fierce authority; "follow me!"

"My dear sir, you are surely mistaken in your man," replied poor Baptisto; "I—I have no doubt but that you wanted my next door neighbour, worthy Doctor Galleni: allow me to show you to his residence."

"Biondetto! no trifling!—follow!"

And sure enough, the unlucky barber was obliged to tread in the familiar's footsteps, with the best grace he could assume; not forgetting, however, once more to express his fear lest his worthy companion should have erred in his errand, by disturbing a wrong domicile. Issuing from the house, the stranger led the way down a flight of steps leading to the canal; and entering a gondola, motioned the perruquier to follow.

"My honoured friend—my dear sir—you are very good—very polite, I might say; but there is a freshness in the breeze that disagrees with a slight cough that I have the misfortune to possess—ahem! ahem!—and if your business is not of great urgency, I beg the favour to return to my bedside: dear me! how chill the night feels, and—"

There is no knowing what Baptisto would have said further, for his speech was stayed by a very significant movement of the familiar's hand towards his dagger-belt, where the moonbeam played upon a blade of glittering steel. The gondola shot out of the narrow canal, on the wharf of which the barber dwelt, and threading through a host of vessels of the same description, gained a secluded part of the city.

"Here," said the inquisitor, "you must submit to have your eyes bandaged."

"Oh! no consequence about that," rejoined the barber, quickly; "I am subject to the cataract; indeed, there is a legend in my family, forbidding—"

Another movement of the messenger's hand again cut short the sentence, and Baptisto was fain to submit to the operation. The gondola once more sped like lightning, and after some time jotted against a quay; and Baptisto found himself on terra firma.

"How very extraordinary!" silently ejaculated the victim, as he found himself hurried on by the grasp of two men. "How very terrible that a young man of my parts and immaculacy should be dragged before the tribunal in this way! and poor Julietta! heigho!" After various ambulatory movements, Baptisto was forced to ascend a flight of steps, and became aware that he had entered a building. They traversed a considerable space, and again ascended.

"Oh, Santo Marco!" groaned the barber. "That I should have lived to explore the recesses of the inquisition: some foul accusation put into the Lion's Mouth, I warrant me. How very extraordinary!" At length the conductors of the prisoner halted, and Biondetto felt their holds relaxed.

"Baptisto, it is the will of the Holy Inquisition that you wait here awhile, and alone; but do not dare to remove the bandage from thy sight!"

"But, my dear gentlemen, you forget the cataract. I question whether total blindness may not be produced, and that would be a dreadful thing to one whose business it is to renovate the head-gear of half the nobles of Venice."

"On peril of future pains, remove the kerchief until required!"

"Oh, very well, very well—to hear is to obey, as my Moorish grandfather was wont to exclaim. The bandage shall not be removed, if you insist upon it."

Baptisto heard the retreating footsteps of his tormentors, and the shutting of a door; then all was silent as the grave: he was alone.

"How very extraordinary!" quoth he, "to be immured in a dungeon; and I may add, how extremely unpleasant! The vaults, however, are not so cold as I expected to find them; in fact, the temperature is rather agreeable. I should like to see of what shape the cell is, and whether they have allowed a poor creature anything for supper. Had I not the stiletto and the rack in my mind's eye, I really believe I should feel hungry; at any rate I must have one peep, if, as my grandfather used to say, I suffer the bowstring for doing so."

The barber removed the bandage; and lo! instead of a dreary dungeon, a splendid apartment, brilliantly lighted, exquisitely furnished, and having a table on which was laid out a small but unique banquet, presented itself to his astonished gaze.

"Santo Marco, and the holy Mother of Cordova, defend me! how very extraordinary!—but, hush! footsteps!—on, bandage, on! Baptisto, what next?" The door opened, and closed, when a voice desired Baptisto to untie the kerchief. The barber quickly obeyed, and found himself in the presence of an elderly man, dressed in the patrician style of Venice.

"Signore Biondetto, you will, I trust, excuse the freedom with which you have been treated: there were weighty reasons for acting so towards you, which shall in time be explained. I am about to surprise, and probably to delight you, by saying that you are not in the Inquisition, but in the palace of the Abrazzi."

"In the palace of the Abrazzi! you don't say so, Excellenza! May it please you to relate why I have that felicity? If my noble Signore wishes to be shaved, I regret that your messenger did not allow me time to pack up my knick knacks; if—"

"For no such purpose have I required your presence here. Attend!"

"I do, noble Signore! most heartily."

"Then know, I have excellent fortune to communicate. My niece, the Signora Sylvia Abrazza, has, most strangely, fallen in love with you—"

"With me!—with a poor barber, Signore! oh, dear!"

"I candidly inform you that I have done all in my power to dispel the absurdity, but without success. She had pined until near death, and I found myself compelled to consent to an introduction and marriage. Since she succeeded so far, she has recovered her usual health, and you will be introduced to her this evening."

"My dear Signore—pardon the freedom—my most excellent Excellenza—you are pleased to be merry."

"I am serious, and although I have prejudices against the alliance, yet my niece's happiness is the primary consideration in my breast. Partake, Biondetto, of this repast; my attendants will afterwards conduct you to the tiring-room, whence you will proceed to the fair Signora."

Without awaiting a reply, the old gentleman left the room, and Baptisto gave vent to his joy by springing nearly to the ceiling. "How very extraordinary! Fortunate Baptisto! Oh, but my grandfather of Granada had lived until his blessed night!" Such were his exclamations, when several attendants entered the apartment, and he began to do justice to the fare set before him.

"Ah!" quoth the barber, smacking his lips "after all, there is nothing like your wine of Cyprus. Your Falernian and your Xeres, and occasional your Cognac, are all very well in their way; but for my part I prefer the Orientals." With sentences like this, did Baptisto amuse himself with the delicacies during his repast; and then, motioning, with an air of consequence, that he was ready to retire, he was shown into a room in which were several rich habiliments, and all the necessary articles of a Venetian gentleman's toilet.

"Very good—very excellent, faith! this doublet is of the finest texture, and this mantle becoming. A gold chain! just as it should be—"

and now—gazing in one of those magnificent mirrors for which Venice was so celebrated—"a d'now Signore Baptisto Biondetto, thou look'st like thyself!"

A few promenades up and down the room, and as many glances in the mirror, convinced him that he was not only a good match for a Signora, but even that he was not to be despised by the daughter of the Doge herself. From the tiring-room he was led to a saloon, where every luxury served to promote indulgence. Marbles from the chisels of Phidias and Michael Angelo—the exquisite gems of Titian, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo, whose works were then the glory of

Venice—ottomans, from the Sublime Porte—perfumes, from Araby and Hindostan—lustres, burning with naphtha and asphalt—aud various other elegances to delight the senses, lay revealed before the astonished barber. But not long had he inspected them, before a cabinet door opened, and the young and beautiful Signora stood before him.

We are miserable describers of beauty: we know what we ourselves admire; but this is not sufficient for the reader. We will therefore just say, that a lovelier woman the republic could not boast. Her fair features were lighted up by hazel eyes of glorious lustre, and there was a magic power, and a laughing sweetness of countenance, that made the entranced Biondetto kneel down in homage before her. A few short sentences on either side made them acquainted with the feelings and sentiments of each other. The attempted excuse of the Signora were overwhelmed by the passionate exclamations of the barber. He breathed into her ears sentences so full of love that they were surpassed only by his vows of constancy and ejaculations of joy.

"Most adorable Abrazza! light of my heart, and index of maiden excellence! as my Moorish ancestor would have said—how can I sufficiently thank you for the honour you have done me, and for the ecstasy that thrills through my bursting soul. How can I, poor in estate, and humble in accomplishments—how can I make known how much I am beholden to my divine Signora?"

"By leading me to the altar, where a priest awaits us," replied the lady, in a voice of sweetness.

"I fly with you, on the wings of ardour!" cried Baptisto, making an effort to arise—when he awoke!

## NEW MUSIC.

**THE ROSE BUD.** Song, written by Robert Burns; Music by A. L. Coates. London: H. Coates & Co., New Burlington-street.—A sweetly plaintive melody, which will find hosts of admirers.

**DANISH NATIONAL AIR,** by Brianley Richards. Coates & Co.—Like all this author's compositions, requires but to be heard to become a favourite.

**THE ALEXANDRA POLKA,** by Adam Wright.—An agreeable addition to the countless thousands of polkas in existence.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.** Song, written and composed by E. C. Crozier. London: S. Clark, Holborn Bars.—A seasonable and happy composition.

**FANTASIA ON ANGLO-DANISH MELODIES,** by J. A. Wade. Clark & Co.—Since the arrangements for the royal marriage were completed, numbers of international musical compositions have appeared; this is certainly one of the best of them.

INDOLENCE is a delightful but distressing state: you must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to be instinctive tendencies of the human frame.

**SMOKING PHILOSOPHY.**—"The man who smokes," we read the other day, "thinks like a philosopher." The remark has evidently a German origin, and is well enough for a dealer in tobacco. But has smoking any good effect upon the intellectual faculties? We think not. As we relish a fine cigar ourselves, we are not disposed to pronounce the moderate use of "the weed" as pernicious. Smoking produces upon the mind a tranquillization favourable, no doubt, to thought. It exerts a soothing influence over the human mentality, which predisposes it to dream—or, rather, to fall into a profound reverie; but in reveries, as in dreams (for reveries are only walking dreams), there is an incoherence of thought, and a lack of natural sequence in those thoughts' conclusions, which we must call anything but philosophical. Smoking is not so conducive to thought as it is a great relief to thought, in our judgment. And why? Because thought is then unhampered from the chariot of reality, and rambles at large, according to its own pleasure, among all the wild and romantic, bold and picturesque scenery of the imagination. It is this freedom of thought from the common restraints imposed upon it during the serious pursuits of life that renders the act of smoking so agreeable. Thus discharged, temporarily, of its fetters, thought enjoys itself with a voluptuous exuberance which eminently calms the turbid spirit and affords it rest.

**MIDNIGHT HOURS.**—There are few things more painful than the monotonous tick of a watch or clock to the wakeful ear at midnight. The slow record of the passing minutes at last becomes an exquisite torture. Particularly is this true of the watcher by the sick bed. One listens to it then as to some dread sentence of doom, from which there is no appeal. How welcome, then, the cheering morning light, of the first sound which breaks the dread stillness. And how many weary ones in this great city of ours say nightly, "Would to God it were morning!"

A MAN may suffer without sinning; but a man cannot sin without suffering.

**CHILDREN'S SLEEP.**—Put your children to bed every night before eight o'clock, and you will soon see them improving in health, temper, and spirits. It is enough to ruin any children to have them up every evening from nine to ten o'clock. Let them sleep in the morning until they wake of their own accord. Nature is the best judge of the amount of sleep that a child requires. It is very rare indeed that children lie abed after they have had as much sleep as their brain and body need.

**A LIFE PRESERVER.**—DURVEY'S MAIZENA.—This article is just being introduced to the British public, and we feel it ought to be known to every mother and invalid. Its use as a diet will, we believe, save thousands of lives. It also is a rare luxury in way of puddings, cakes, pies, ice cream, blanc mange, &c. No family will, when known, be without it. It is very cheap, and our best physicians use and prescribe it. We believe chemists, as well as grocers, &c., sell it.



## Varieties.

No man has a right to do as he pleases except when he pleases to do right.

READER: whether you are old or young, you have at this moment in your heart a wilder romance than was ever written.

In giving advice, man is not unlike a sign-post at a forked road which stands ever ready to point out the right road to the solicitous wayfarer, but never follows it himself.

**A FISHY CITY.**—The Chicago people are in a bad way: their hydrants give out fishes and tadpoles, and their water pitchers and tanks smell like the last run of shad. They have to strain all their drinking water, and the noise of the funny tribe in the pipes disturbs the people so at night, that they are compelled to muffle the pipes and wad up the faucets. Wherever the street hydrants are allowed to run, there is a fish stand; and it is said that the accumulation of animal matter and fish bones in the streets is alarming. The Chicago Journal states that any effort of the fire department to put out fires, only adds fuel to the flames, as the fish oil in the waters only makes the conflagration ten times worse.

**A WESTERN INJUN HUNTER.**—A lady from the "far, far West" with her husband, awakened on the night of their arrival in the city of Penn, by an alarm of fire, and the yell of several companies of firemen, as they dashed along the streets "Husband! husband!" she cried, shaking her wretched half into consciousness; "only hear the Injuns! why this beats all the scalp-dances I ever heard." "Nonsense!" growled the gentleman, composing himself to sleep; "there are no Indians in Philadelphia." "No Injuns indeed!" she replied, "as if I didn't know a war-whoop when I heard one!" The next morning, on descending to breakfast, they were saluted with the inquiry of, "Did you hear the engines last night? what a noise they made!" Turning to her husband with an air of triumph, the lady exclaimed, "There! I told you they were Injuns!" The husband was silent.

**A GRAVE STORY.**—Here is a curious but grave operation of a drunken Yankee that is true, and that is the best that can be said of it:—"Tom Smith, a hard drinker, in a half-crazy fit, took it into his head that he was dead, and acting in accordance with this supposition, dug a grave in the old churchyard, and lay down in it, waiting for some one to shovel in the dirt. He had prepared a monument in the shape of a pine board, on which was chalked his name and date of his decease, which monument had been set up at the head of the yet unfilled grave. The story having got wind, several persons went at once to the yard, and one, who was a bit of a wag, said to his companions, 'Whose is this new grave? who has died lately?' In a moment after, Tom's voice, in tones not hollow but husky, was heard from the depths of the grave, 'I say, Jim can't you read?'

**WONDER.**—When a young man is a clerk in a store, and dresses like a prince, smokes "fine cigars," drinks "nice brandy," attends theatres, balls, and the like, I wonder if he does it all upon the avails of his clerkship? When a young lady sits in the parlour all day, with her fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't wash and do the work in the kitchen? When a deacon of the church sells strong butter, recommending it as sweet, I wonder if he don't rely on the merits of Christ for salvation? When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life some dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live? When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by go four times? When a young man is depending upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere—say towards the top, for instance?

**SHE NEVER LEAVES HIM.**—Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world; at man, visited by misfortune! How often is he left by his fellow-men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his afflictions with unshaken affection; braves the changes of feeling, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtues; in resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distresses, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow come together, she follows him to the tomb with an ardour of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

**A CRUEL MONSTER.**—Not very far from Central New Jersey lived two young lawyers, Arch Brown and Tom Hall. Both were fond of dropping in at Mr. Smith's of an evening and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows: "Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother, your pleasant home here, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the Far West with a young lawyer, who has but little beside his profession to depend upon, and with him find out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful like this?" Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she answered, "I think I could, Archy." "Well," said he, in a changed tone, and straightening himself, "there's Tom Hall who's going West, and wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him!"

**A SHARP BUYER.**—Jaubber weighs about two hundred, and has a decided objection to being

cheated. When he buys a pound of tea, he is careful to get good weight. One day he went to the wharf to get a ton of coal, and he insisted upon assuring himself that the scales were well adjusted, upon seeing it weighed, for coal dealers sometimes make mistakes. The team was driven upon the platform scale, and Jaubber stood by to watch the figures. "Twenty-two hundred weight of coal," said the dealer with a wink to the bystanders. "Rather short," haggled the buyer. "Throw in a little more, and I will take the load." The obliging dealer complied, and the scale was again examined. "All right; I am satisfied with that. You coal dealers don't always give good weight," grumbled Jaubber. "Drive on, John; stop in the street," added the seller, and he took Jaubber in the counting-room, where the bill was paid. "Are you perfectly satisfied?" "Perfectly. I like to look after these things myself." "Well, sir, I should say you had cheated yourself out of two hundred pounds of coal, by looking after these things yourself." "What do you mean?" The dealer ordered his teamster to back on the scale again, and to the astonishment of Jaubber, the words were verified. "I don't understand it," said Jaubber. "I do; you stood on the scale yourself, while you were watching me, and I have sold you for so much coal. But you are satisfied; don't be so sharp next time," laughed the dealer. Jaubber was confounded, but had not the assurance to demand a revision of the transaction.

## Wit and Wisdom.

**A FRENCH LAUGH.**—Lafayette.  
**A DAMP SHEET.**—A sheet of water.  
**WISTS WE MUST HAVE.**—Chemists.  
**RATS live a regular "cat and dog life."**  
**A HANDCUFF.**—A box on the ear.  
**PAS DE DEUX.**—Father of twins.  
**THE ISRAELITE'S CARNIVAL.**—Money Lent.  
**A WISE COURSE.**—Getting sick before a battle.  
**THE TIME THAT TRIES MEN'S SOLES.**—Winter.  
**NEW CAP FOR THE SOUTHERN ARMY.**—Capitulation.

**A LIE** has no legs, and therefore it cannot stand, but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

**A SAILOR'S** stockings are not manufactured from a yarn of his own spinning.

**IF** a man has a full head and an empty pocket, the stomach generally has to go with the pocket.

**IT** is peculiarly the duty of the white race to be cleanly—they show dirt so easily.

**IT** is a good thing when a drunkard's bottle dishonours his drafts.

**THE** poor fellow who could not get a bed on "tick," had to take one on a coal bin.

**IT** is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is easy to know that it has begun.

**THE** gas-man can make gaslight in your house, but a wife can make sunshine.

**THE** man who spends his money for tobacco, will certainly get a quid, but never get a quid pro quo.

**THE** worst breed of dogs in the world.—The "dogs of war."

**A** MAN OF GREAT PHYSIC-ALL POWER.—The doctor.

**LABOUR.**—The lot of man—drawn for him in the Garden of Eden.

**CONJUGIAL CHEMISTRY.**—Every wife should be enough of a chemist to make pot-hash.

**WANTED TO PATENT.**—The filter of misfortune to separate true friends from the scum.

**LET** not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

**WHICH** is the largest jewel in the world? The Emerald Isle.

**WHEN** is a metal like a bird and a hat? When it is ductile!

**IF** you look to "heart's-ease," never look to "marry-gold."

**THE** fighting of a wrong is not always found in the writing of an author.

**THAT** which in a girl is attractively provoking may in a wife provoke without being attractive.

**A** WOMAN wins an old man by listening to him—a young man by talking to him.

**A LOCOMOTIVE DECLARATION.**

By those cheeks of lovely hue;  
By those eyes of deepest blue,  
Which the very soul looks through,  
As if, forsooth, those clear blue eyes  
Were portals into Paradise;

By that alabaster brow,  
By that hand as white as snow,  
By that proud, angelic form,  
By that rounded, classic arm,  
By those locks of raven hair,  
By those vermeil lips, I swear;

By the ocean, by the air,  
By the lightning and the thunder,  
By all things on earth and under,  
By the electric telegraph,  
By my future "better half,"  
By our vespers, by our dreams,

By our matins and Te Deums,  
By young Cupid, by my muse,  
By—whatever else you choose;  
Yes! I swear by all creation  
And this endless "Yankee nation,"  
That I love you like tarantation!

[Whistles and stops.

"THE PURL OF GREAT PRICE."—XXX, with a dash of gin in it.

**A PHILOSOPHER'S EDGE-TOOL.**—An ax-ium.

**THE PROPER SIZE FOR EVERY MAN.**—Exercise.

**WHAT** bird would make a pedlar?—Hawk.

**A LAZY** feller up North spells Tennessee 10 a. c.

**WHEN** is a window like a star?—When it is a skylight.

**WHY** should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so confounded tough that nothing but death can cut it.

**A SMACKING ARTICLE.**—If girls will kiss, let them perform the ceremony as if they loved it. Don't let them sneak about the thing as if they were purloining cheese, nor drop their heads, "like lilies o'er-spread with rain." On the contrary, they should do it with an appetite, and

when they let go, give rise to a report that will make the old folk think somebody is firing a pistol about the house.

**ELASTIC SUSPENDERS.**—Like Johnstone was down to de legia-rubber store last week, and he ask me to talk wid the man behind de counter, while he could steal a pair ob suspenders. So he took hold ob a pair by the end and stowed dem away down in his pocket, and went out widout unhooken em from de nail dey was hangin on, and when he got home he was showin em to de old woman, and as he was passin em ober to her, dey slipped from his fingers and flew back to de stor wid such force dat dey busted in de sash, killed de clerk, and knocked all de money out ob de draw.

**NIGGER DIGNITY.**—In front of the Central Warehouse, a philosophical darkey, leaning lazily against one of the wheels of a dray, thus delivered himself to a brother Jehu, who was disposing of himself similarly:—"All niggers ought to feel de dignity of bein' niggers 'cept free niggers what dunno what dignity am. Dis minnit I am wuff about fifteen hundred dollars"—and he gave a demonstrative gesture with his left forefinger,—"and a heap o' white folks can't say dat for de-selves. Now dar" and he pointed to a "gentlemanly vagrant" who was a white man: he couldn't turn himself into money to save his life. More'n dat, he ai' wuff nuffin he dunno nuffin, and he wo' do nuffin. I feels de dignity of de fact and dat's what makes me say what I do say!"

**IMPORTING** tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence Horniman's tea is the purest, cheapest, and best. Sold by 2,280 agents.—[Adv.]

**FOR A CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S GIFT,** buy one of WILLIAMS' AND GIBBS' CELEBRATED NOISELESS SEWING MACHINES. No. 1, Ludgate-hill, London E.C. Prospectuses on application.—[Adv.]

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**BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.**—Every evening, Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled ABON HASSAN, THE SKEEVE OF BAGDAD, in which Tom Sayers, ex-Champion, and his two Performing Mules, and Neapolitan Minstrels will appear. Abon, Mrs. Lane; Clown, Mr. J. Lane; Harlequin, Mr. Kavan; Pantaloon, Mr. Newham; Columbine, Mademoiselle C. Stephen; Spirit, Hett Stanton; Harlequinade, Mrs. Crawford. Wonderful Transformation Scene. To conclude with a favourite afterpiece. Supported by the whole of the company.

**THE DR. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL,** Bolt-court, 151, Fleet-street.—Mr. R. De Brenner, the great Tenor singer, Mr. Benedict Vaughan, the celebrated Baritone, the Misses Hamilton and Melville, the famous duettists, Miss Georgina Smithson and Fred Hanbury, the most popular character singers of the day, with Hulton, the ventriloquist, and a host of other talented artists, appear every evening at the above elegant place of entertainment. Stalls 1s. Hall 6d.

**RAGLAN MUSIC HALL.**—Open every Evening at Seven, with the most varied Entertainments in London. Comrie W. Randall, M. Wilkinson, F. Taylor, Robson, Nolan, West and Farnberg, L. Saunders, A. Young. The Brothers Ellis. The Four Nelsons. Herr Deuel.

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**NEW STEEL PEN.**—PERRY and CO.'S ALBERT PEN embraces the latest improvements in steel pens. Price, in patent boxes, 1s. 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per box. Samples by post, two stamps. Sold by all stationers. Wholesale: 37, Red Lion-square, and 3, Cheap-side, London.

**GOLD PENCIL-CASE for 26 Stamps,** two inches long, with reserve of leads, real stone seals, rings, &c., complete in box, post-free by return. Gold Chains, from 21s. to 200s. Gold Earrings, 3s. to 63s. Gold Lockets, 3s. to 60s. Fancy and Signet Rings, Chatelaines, Necklets, Pins, Cameo Brooches, Silver-mounted Pebble Brooches and Bracelets, in great variety. PARKER, Jeweller, &c., 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, near the British Museum.

**ENGLISH CONCERTINAS,** 48 notes, full compass, double action, well tuned, in case, 40s.; Superior, 60s. The same as formerly sold at 15 guineas. To be had at T. PROWSE'S, Manufacturer, 15, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. All orders must be accompanied by a post-office order or remittance to THOMAS PROWSE.

Harmonium or Organ Accordion, three octaves, £3 10s.; with celestial stop, £3 15s.; with four stops, £5 10s. Extra for stand, 25s.

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